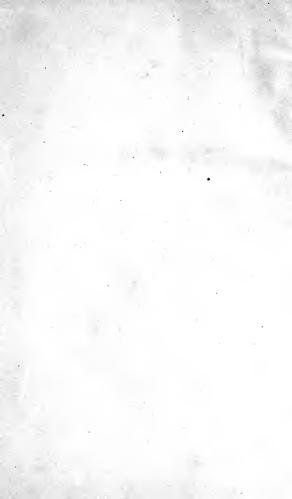


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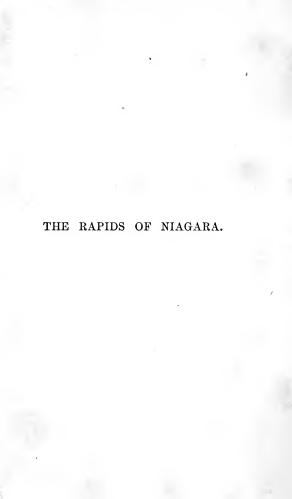
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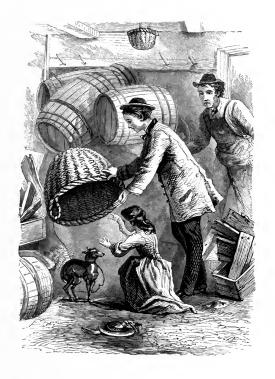


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RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WIDE WORLD."

"ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH BE IT UNTO YOU."

NEW YORK: *

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THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.

CHAPTER I.

"DITTO," said Maggie one day with intense seriousness, "how good do you think people ought to be?"

I must premise, that the party had returned from Jamaica. It was now summer time again. Maggie was in the Pavilion at Meadow Park, in her old place, intently drawing. Meredith had set her a difficult piece of work; a hand to copy; and admiring the beautiful lines of the drawing, struck with a vehement desire to reproduce them successfully on her own paper, and half appalled at the intricacies of the subject, Maggie was, so Meredith thought, fully absorbed in her work. He was drawing too, at the other side of the table, and the silence

Meredith quite laughed. "You do study," said he.

- "But I suppose I might study more."
- "I suppose you had better not. You are getting on. It is not your plan to become a great painter, Maggie; nor your necessity."
 - "What had I better be?"
 - "A nice woman."
- "O but, papa is poor, you know. I might have to do something to help myself."
- "Not while you and I keep friends, anyhow, Maggie," said Meredith, endeavouring to bridle the smiles which Maggie's premature prudence was exciting. A silence prevailed again.
- "But Ditto, that other question When will you look into the Bible to see what it says?"
- "Sometime. Why don't you ask Mr. Murray about it?"
- "He isn't here, you know. I did once, just before he went away; and he told me he wasn't good at all; and then we

were interrupted. Now Ditto, he is, you know."

- "How do you reconcile his saying and doing, then?"
- "I don't know. I should think he must be conscious that he is good. Of course he is good!"
- "I suppose, Maggie, the secret is, that Mr. Murray would say his goodness is not his own."
- "But I wish," repeated Maggie with a half sigh, "I wish I knew how good people ought to be."
- "Why, as good as they can; as I told you."
- "Will that do?" said Maggie, so wistfully that Meredith laughed and asked her what the matter was?
- "I don't feel good at all sometimes, Ditto."
 - "Sometimes you do."
 - "Yes. But sometimes I don't."
- "When do these last sorts of times come?"

- "When I've been seeing Bolivar Dexter."
- "Ha?" said Meredith amused. "Why is that?"
- "Because he makes himself very disagreeable. And then I dislike him. And one ought not to dislike people; ought one, Ditto?"
- "Really, Maggie, I don't see how one is to help it sometimes."
- "Don't you! But I thought we must love our enemies?"
- "It doesn't follow that we are to like them."
- "Do you think it doesn't? How can you love what you don't like, Ditto?"
 - "Seems a problem," said Meredith.
 - "But can you?"
 - "Maggie, I think we can."
 - "But Ditto, Jesus loves everybody."
- "I think he dislikes sinners, though. When he told the Pharisees, 'Ye are of your father the devil,'—do you think he liked those people? All the same, he died

for them, and prayed to have his murderers forgiven. No. I think you can love what you don't like, Maggie; just as I think Christ does, and the angels do."

"I can't love Bolivar Dexter," said Maggie plaintively.

"What's the matter?" said Meredith.

"He's — not nice. I don't think either of them is nice; but he is a boy, and he is the worst."

Meredith did not answer, and presently Maggie went on.

"They go to school now where Esther does; and I see them as they come home. They pass our house, you know, and they stop in. Esther likes them very well; but then Esther likes a good many people that I don't. Mamma was going to send me to that school too, when we came back from Jamaica; did you know that?"

"No. What hindered her?"

"She said you ought not to be troubled with me."

- "Did she!"
- "And then uncle Eden told her it was no trouble; and papa told her he wasn't going to disturb you and me, as long as we got on so well together. So mamma had to give it up."
 - "I am glad," said Meredith.
- "O Ditto! I am so very glad. And it makes me more glad every time I see Bolivar Dexter."
 - "Does he go to a girl's school?"
- "It isn't a girl's school; it's mixed. Bolivar goes to it. The boys are at one end and the girls are at the other. The boys have a master. But they all come home together."
- "And what does this fellow do to offend you?"
- "He offends Billing," said Maggie with dignity.
- "Billing! Well, I suppose Billing can take care of himself."
 - "I don't think he exactly can," returned

Maggie; "he is such a little bit of a fellow, you know. If he were larger and stronger he would. He can't bear Bolivar, and that makes Bolivar spiteful, and he teases him, and Billing barks and growls and snaps too; he isn't a bit afraid, little fellow as he is; and last time they made such a racket between them, and I couldn't hinder, you know, that mamma was quite displeased and said she wouldn't have Billing in the house if he didn't behave himself. And it was all Bolivar's fault; every bit of it."

"What did he do?"

"Ditto, he made faces, for one thing, which enraged Billing, as they ought! Bolivar thought to frighten him; but Billing is as brave as a lion. And then Bolivar snapped his fingers, and poked him, and got hold of his tail and pulled it, and trod on it, and once he caught him up and gave him a squeeze and then such a toss that I was very much afraid

Billing was hurt; but he fell on his feet. He was not hurt, but I think he was confused."

Meredith laughed.

"You wouldn't have laughed if you had been there. You would have been very angry, as I was."

"Were you angry?"

"Ditto, I was terribly angry. And then I knew I disliked Bolivar as much as Billing does, and Billing cannot bear him. And now, I know, Bolivar hates the dog; and I do believe, if he could get the chance, he would like to hurt him."

"Billing won't give him the chance. Comfort yourself."

"But I don't feel as if it could be right to dislike anybody so much as I do Bolivar Dexter. And uncle Eden isn't here to talk to about it."

"Well, Maggie, Sunday afternoon when you come over, we will have a hunt in the Bible, and see what that says."

With which pleasure in prospect, Maggie for the present forgot her dislikes, and finished her drawing comfortably. She and Meredith took great delight in these drawing exercises; and Maggie, for a little girl, was getting on exceeding well in them. This day she carried home with her the finished crayon drawing of her hand. It was much better than anything Esther had to shew.

- "Why cannot you do as well as this, Esther?" her mother asked.
- "I don't know, mamma. Papa's system of teaching is different. He don't give me such things."
- "He does give you such things. I saw a crayon nose of yours the other day, and it was not good at all."
- "Noses are more difficult than hands," said Esther. "And papa's system is different, as I told you, mamma."
- "Do you mean to say that your father is not so good a teacher as this boy?"

- "Meredith Franklin is going on to twenty years old."
- "Oh Essie!" exclaimed her sister. "He is only seventeen."
- "Do you dare tell me that this boy is a better teacher than your father is, Esther?"
- "Well, mamma, papa is busy, you know; I do not think he cares about it so much. I dare say if he were seventeen he would teach me so as to make it pleasanter."

Mrs. Candlish was astonished into silence by this speech.

- "Mamma," ventured Maggie, "perhaps Essie herself doesn't love it so much as we do."
- "I love it a great deal better," said Esther; "but I don't care about noses. A nose all alone is very ugly."
- "Some noses are ugly with all the rest of the face round them, Esther," said Maggie. "How ugly Bolivar's nose is!"
- "Don't remark upon your relations, Maggie," said her mother; "unless you can remark favourably."

- "Is Bolivar my relation, mamma?"
- "How can you ask? He is your aunt's son."
 - "Well, that is a distant relation, isn't it?"
- "You are a simpleton. I should think you knew better."

Maggie privately thought, she would like him to be practically a very distant relation. She carried off her crayon hand and looked at it lovingly. Then it suddenly occurred to her, was she quite right about this matter? Was she perhaps a little glad that her drawing was better than Esther's? was she a little proud of her superiority? a little hoping to keep ahead? Was it true? and Maggie felt it was. Then could that be right? But could it be helped? And how was she to know the answer, in one case or the other? Mr. Murray was no longer at hand; and Meredith, though in full sympathy with her, was far less skilled in such questions, and knew far less of the Bible answers to them. How should she know?

CHAPTER II.

It was full summer time now; the days were long; and at Leeds the afternoon church service was not late in the day. So that after coming home with her father the next Sunday Maggie had still plenty of time for the Pavilion. Her flat hat went on, she took the Pagoda parasol and her Bible, called Billing to attend her, and away she went. It had been a hot day and was still hot; Leeds was not a cool place; so the shadow of the limes was grateful when it was reached; and when she came to the Pavilion Maggie found it in sweet summery condition; every door and window standing open, Italian awnings at the sunny openings, and the fountain making its cool plash in the midst of a shady green light which

was delicious. Meredith was there, by the fountain, waiting for her.

"It is so hot!" said Maggie throwing herself down. "It is nice here. This is the nicest place in all Leeds. Ditto, aren't you very sorry for poor people?"

" Why?"

- "They can't have anything like this."
- "Yes, they can, if they can get to the woods; better than this.
 - "'There is no price set on the lavish summer,
 And June may be had by the poorest comer."

"It isn't June," said Maggie. "It's July. And poor people in the city can't get to the woods. I don't like the city! Cain built the first one, uncle Eden says. O it is so nice here, out of the sun. Have you been looking for texts, Ditto?"

"Not a bit. I waited for you."

"That's good. Where shall we begin?"
Maggie threw off her hat and made her-

self comfortable, on the floor just by the

edge of the fountain basin, and opened her Bible.

"I do not know where to begin. I thought we would try the Concordance, Maggie?"

"What will that do?"

"Give us all the principal places in the Bible where the word 'good' comes in, for instance."

"O will it? Well, now let's begin, Ditto."

Meredith pored over the pages of the Concordance with an unenlightened face.

"I see nothing much here that touches your question, Maggie; only, 'Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit.'"

"Well, of course it does," said Maggie; "only, if there are some bad fruits on it here and there, isn't it a good tree?"

"Suppose there is a branch that regularly bears poor fruit?"

"I should say, that wasn't a very good tree," said Maggie.

- "So should I say. Very far from sound."
- "But then the other branches bear good fruit, so it cannot be a bad tree."
- "But then Maggie, this is an imaginary tree altogether. There never was a good tree with a bad branch."
- "Yes, there are," said Maggie. "If the tree is grafted, you know, and all the branches except one are the grafted kind and one branch is left wild. There is just such a tree at Mosswood."

Meredith smiled and considered. "I did not know you knew so much of gardening," he said. "Yes, yes, — that is all true. Only, Maggie, would a good gardener leave a wild branch? wouldn't he want the tree all good?"

- "I should think he would. But—'all good'—Ditto, there is nobody all good."
- "Jesus said, 'My Father is the husbandman.' And he said, 'every branch that beareth not fruit, he taketh away.' That is speaking of the branches of the True Vine,

I know, but it certainly looks as if he would like to have each particular branch quite sound. 'Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.' One thing that shews, Maggie; the Great Husbandman is not satisfied with a branch being good, unless it is as good as it can be."

"But that is it. How good can we be?" said Maggie knitting her brows.

"'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit,' Meredith went on reading.

"Yes, but that don't tell," said Maggie.

"Let us see what the fruit is. Here is a reference, Maggie. 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;'—"

"Love, joy, peace, long-suffering. — Then long-suffering is the fruit I want, Ditto. I get out of patience with Bolivar Dexter."

"Is that the only fruit you think you want?" said Meredith drily.

- "Oh no! No indeed! But I mean, that is the one I feel I want now."
 - " Yes."
 - "What can I do, Ditto?"
- "These are fruits of the Spirit, Maggie; they don't grow naturally in us."
- "Like the grafted branches," said Maggie, "in the wild tree. But why haven't I got that, Ditto, as well as some of the others?"
- "I do not know. Perhaps you have, Maggie; only it is a little shoot and does not bear fruit yet. I guess these all grow from one root."
 - "What root?"
 - "Let us see what the Bible says."
- "But Ditto, God wants fruit, not branches."
 - " Yes."
- "Well, it seems to me I oughtn't to be satisfied unless I can see the fruit."
 - "I think you must be right, Maggie."
- "Do look and see what the Bible says about fruit."

"Here is one for you, Maggie," said Meredith, after consulting several. "'The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth."

"That is like the other," said Maggie; "you see it is all sorts of goodness, and nothing left out. That don't help me."

"What would help you?" said Meredith looking up from his book. Maggie twisted her shoulders in the way she had when perplexed.

"Must one have all sorts of goodness?"

"Why, you wish that certainly, don't you?"

"But I can't."

"How can that be?" said Meredith. "If they are the fruit of the Spirit—the Spirit would make them all grow."

"Then, — why don't he?" said Maggie, in a sort of desperation of conclusions.

"I suppose — I don't know — I suppose he would, if we didn't hinder."

"Find out what else the Bible says about fruit, dear Ditto, won't you?"

- "Here is one.—'Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.' There, Maggie, you see, the fruits are by Jesus Christ. I guess he can help for all we want."
 - "Read another, please."
- "'That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work '"
- "There, you see," said Maggie; "it is unto all pleasing; and that means that I should not displease him in anything."
 - "Yes," said Meredith.
 - "But nobody is so good as that."
 - "Perhaps they might be."
 - "But nobody is, Ditto."
- "Well, I am thinking,—what does the Bible say? See here, Maggie—'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."
- "But Ditto, mamma says it don't mean that."

- "Did she say what it does mean?"
- "She says, I asked her; she says, it means that people should *try* to be as good as that."
- "Let us see. Here is another verse which seems to touch the matter. 'Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.'"
- "What is holiness?" asked Maggie uneasily.
 - "I wish we had Mr. Murray here."
 - "But don't the Bible tell?"
- "The Bible tells us that God says, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy.' So it means something that he is."
 - "Good?" said Maggie.
- "I don't know," said Meredith; "it seems to me to mean more than that. You know, it says, that 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' That is what holiness seems to me."

- "No darkness at all," repeated Maggie; and her eyes filled. "But Ditto, there is a great deal of darkness in me."
 - "And in me too."
 - "We can't be like God in that."
- "Don't you think we've got to try for it?"
- "O yes! that is what mamma said; we must try to be so."
- "But then, Maggie, —here comes this objection, —if it is impossible, we can't try for it."
 - " Why?"
- "You can't try to do what you think is impossible."
 - "Can't I?"
- "Can you? Suppose somebody told you to lift me up in your hands. You might give a pull at me, but you never would seriously try to get me off the floor."

Maggie thought.

"But then, Ditto, -- suppose, -- suppose God told me to lift you off the floor; then I should try, because I should know I should do it; because he would help me."

It was Meredith's turn to think now; and he was silent a good while. Till Maggie said,

"Ditto, I wish you would find some more verses about the light and the darkness."

"Here are some, coming right after that other one, Maggie. 'If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Maggie considered awhile.

"Ditto, it puzzles me."

"What?"

"That. All of it. It says, 'if we walk in the light, as he is in the light."

"Yes. Well?"

- "Well, you know. 'In him is no darkness at all."
 - "Well?" said Meredith again. "Go on."
- "Well, Ditto, you know. That means that we should walk in no darkness at all."

Meredith studied the words with a thoughtful brow.

- "But dear Ditto," said Maggie looking up with tearful eyes, "how shall we get rid of the darkness?"
 - "I don't know, Maggie."
 - "There must be some way."
 - "It seems as if there must."
- "And I think there is a great deal of darkness."
 - "Not in you," said Meredith smiling.
- "Yes, in me. A great deal. I feel it. O a great deal, Ditto!"
- "I wonder if anybody ever did get rid of it all?" said Meredith. "Here, writing to the Christians at Colosse, Paul says that Epaphras was praying for them, that they 'might stand perfect and complete in

all the will of God.' That looks like it, don't it? And here, Maggie,—'But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation."

"Then certainly I ought not to feel as I do about Bolivar Dexter," said Maggie.

"And here it is again.—'That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke.' And, 'sincere and without offence.' And here again, Maggie,—'The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"Quite blameless!" said Maggie in a sorrowful tone of voice.

"I did not know all this was in the Bible," Meredith went on.

"I don't believe a great many other people know it is there," said Maggie rather eagerly looking up. "If they did, they would find out the way to do it; to be so, I mean."

"What shall we do to find out?" said Meredith. "I mean to write and ask uncle Eden tomorrow."

"I think we might ask One who can teach us best of all," said Meredith; "without waiting for letters to come and go. I'd write too; but I'd ask first."

"Well I will, if you will," said Maggie.

"Let us do it together now." So they did.

CHAPTER III.

MAGGIE did not write to her uncle the next day. Her purposes were broken, as other people's are very apt to be, by unforeseen circumstances.

In the morning she was very busy preparing a lesson for Meredith and finishing a drawing. She thought of nothing else till they were done. Then, being tired of sitting still, she called Billing to go over with her to the Pavilion at Meadow Park. It was not the time for lessons till afternoon, but Maggie wanted to shew her work and get a book to read; and she often went to the Pavilion more than once in a day. Esther was at school and she was alone. So she called Billing, who always went with her if she stirred beyond the fence that enclosed

the little piece of ground where the house and barn stood.

- "Maggie, don't shout so," said her mother.
- "I am calling Billing, mamma."
- "I hear that. But call more softly, or give it up. Your voice goes quite through my ears."
 - "I must have a sharp voice, mamma."
- "Not particularly. But you can make any voice sharp if you try."
- "He's at the barn, you see, mamma, busy hunting rats; and he don't attend."
- "You had best go to the barn for him, then."

Maggie put on her flat hat and went across the field; indeed the field was a garden now; to the little barn. The barn was a small affair; a stable partitioned off on one side of it left the free floor very limited in space; from one corner of this a rude step ladder went up to the hay loft. Maggie stood in the floor and called Billing. She got no answer, and could not hear him making any

rustling in the hay. Usually he came at her call without delay; she would hear first a dash and bound among the hay, and then the light quick patter of his little feet on the boards, light and quick as if they had been spider's legs; and then he would come carefully down the step ladder, for he was a little fellow and the steps were high for him; and then he would make a glad rush at Maggie and be taken up in her arms, and often go across to the Pavilion in the same conveyance. For he was so small and delicate and easy to carry that Maggie's arms gave him plenty of room. There he would sit or lie contentedly, gazing with sharp eyes at everything that presented itself, and finding his feet and his voice simultaneously if anything of doubtful character came within the range of his vision.

Now for the first time, Maggie called and waited in vain. The barn was still, in the hot sultriness of a summer day; only the pony who had come into his stable for shade,

stamped his feet occasionally. Billing was certainly not in the barn; and Maggie concluded that he must be in the house asleep somewhere. She came back to the house and instituted a strict search. At last she came to Betsey in the kitchen.

- "Betsey, where's Billing? have you seen him?"
- "He never stays in my dominions, Miss Maggie."
 - "Hasn't he been here to-day?"
- "I 'aven't seen him since seven o'clock, when he was going wild h'after a cat."
 - "Where?"
 - "Just 'ere. H'over to the barn."
- "Seven o'clock," said Maggie ruminating.

 "I haven't seen him since, either. I have been so busy,—I never thought—"

Maggie went back to her mother in a very unsatisfied state of mind. Mrs. Candlish tried to comfort her with the suggestion that the Billing had gone a visiting somewhere and would shortly make his appearance again. "But he never does go a visiting," Maggie objected very truly. Mrs. Candlish said there must be a first time for everything, and advised Maggie to come to luncheon and think no more about it. Maggie did not feel the force of her mother's reasoning.

"Of course, there must be a first time, for things that happen," she said; "but not for things that don't happen; and Billing never goes anywhere without me."

However, there was nothing else to be done, and Maggie and her mother took their luncheon together, and Maggie waited and watched then for Billing. She went to the barn again and came back; looked over the house thoroughly for the second time; and at last threw on her hat and ran away in the heat of the day, over the road and through the limes to the Pavilion. Arrived there, she was in no state for lessons. She detailed the whole story to Meredith; he was inclined to take Mrs. Candlish's view.

- "He never leaves me, Ditto; never."
- "He has left you now, it seems. He will come back again."
 - "I don't believe it," said Maggie.
- "What; that he will come back again? O yes, he will. Let us have our book, Maggie."
- "No, no, I mean, I don't believe he has left me."
 - "What then?"
- "I don't know. Ditto—" and Maggie looked up most pitifully and burst into tears. "I am afraid somebody has got him."
 - "Who could, Maggie?"
- "I don't know. I am afraid of Bolivar Dexter, more than of anybody."

Maggie sobbed now in unconcealed distress. Meredith assured her that Bolivar would do no harm to the dog; even if he had carried him off to tease Maggie, he would bring him back again.

"He don't care about teasing me; he don't do it for that, Ditto; I tell you he has

a spite against Billing, because Billing barks at him and won't have anything to do with him. Billing don't like him, and he don't like Billing; and Billing is quite right. He is a very ugly boy. If he has got him, he wants to tease him; and he won't bring him back either; he will sell him. He said the other day I could sell him for twenty dollars, and he asked if I would take that."

- "Twenty dollars!" said Meredith. "Billing is worth fifty, if he is worth a cent."
- "He wanted me to let him have him for twenty," said Maggie, weeping very bitter tears.
 - "But he could not sell him, Maggie."
 - "Why couldn't he?"
 - "He wouldn't dare."
- "Bolivar Dexter dares anything he likes. Aunt Emily can't manage him. She doesn't pretend to."

There was a pause; Meredith looked troubled, although unconvinced. His trouble was for Maggie.

"Would it be any comfort, if we were to have up the basket wagon and go to Mrs. Dexter's and make inquiry?"

"Before they get home from school. O yes! yes! do, dear Ditto! Let us go right off. Do you mind the heat?"

"Not a bit."

The pony phaeton was immediately ordered, and as the servants were accustomed to do Meredith's bidding promptly, it was only a few minutes before he and Maggie were seated in it and bowling away over the level Leeds roads. Indeed it was very hot. Just the fiercest time of the day, and the sun pouring down his beams upon a panting earth. But Maggie never noticed it; and Meredith did not regard it. The drive was not very long to Mrs. Dexter's lodgings, and Meredith made the pony go; thinking it were indeed better perhaps to have their errand over before Bolivar should get home from school. Nobody was in Mrs. Dexter's parlour when they went in but Mrs. Dexter

herself. She gave Meredith a somewhat frigid greeting, considering the thermometer, but to Maggie she was cordial enough.

- "Anything the matter, Maggie? Has your mother sent you?"
- "No. O aunt Emily, have you seen my little dog?"
- "Little dog!" repeated the lady, who was somewhat a languid lady; "what dog? Do you mean that little black creature?"
 - "Yes. Have you seen him?"
- "How should I see him? He never comes here."
- "And you haven't seen him, or heard anything of him?"
- "Why no! certainly not. Have you come through the sun all this way to see about a dog?"
- "I have lost him," said Maggie, her lip beginning to tremble again.
- "Like enough. Those little dogs are always getting lost. There is no use in trying to keep them."

"But this one was worth fifty dollars, aunt Emily."

"Then you certainly could not hope to keep him, Maggie. There are so many people that want fifty dollars; and your dog would be an easy way of getting them. Never mind, little one; I'll get you another. I won't promise that it shall cost fifty dollars, though."

"Is Bolivar at school?"

"Yes, and Loo. They will be home soon now; if you wait a few minutes you can see them."

"I don't want to wait," said Maggie. "I just came to see after my dog. Good-bye, aunt Emily."

Slowly and sorrowfully the little girl went down the stairs, and stood mournfully at the gate while Meredith was untying the pony. She did not know where to turn now, for she could take no comfort from the suggestion that Billing might be at home before she was. Neither was her interview with her aunt in the least degree conclusive. Bolivar did many a thing that his mother knew nothing of; indeed it would be fair to say that she knew nothing of what he did in general. He would not have let her see Maggie's dog, if he had got it. And if even Loo knew, would she tell? Maggie gloomily turned over these things in her mind while Meredith was untying the pony; she did not like to go home so.

"Come, Maggie," said Meredith.

"Yes, — wait a minute — I want to speak to that man." And Maggie ran off to a gate a little way off where she saw an old man sawing wood. The gate led from the road into a side lane going back to the barn and yard behind the house, and just within the gate this old man was sawing billets of wood. Maggie came close up to him.

"Have you seen my little dog?" she asked, half timidly. The man looked up with a grunt of surprise and inquiry. Maggie repeated her question.

- "Dog?" said he, "what'n sort'n a dog?"
- "A little dog—very small—so big; black, with tan spots over his eyes and on his feet. Have you seen him?"
 - "Shouldn't wonder. Is he your'n?"
- "Yes, yes! of course he is mine. Have you seen him? Where? Did Bolivar Dexter bring him here?"
- "Can't say as to that, but I reckon's he's got him here."

Maggie uttered a shrill cry.

- "O Ditto, he's here! Come here! Where is he, please? Where is my dog?"
 - "So you missed him, hey?"
- "Yes, ever since this morning. Where is he? O please tell me!"
- "Wall, I guess 'twas this mornin' I see him fust. An' if you go down in the cellar, I guess you'll find him."
 - "The cellar! Where is the cellar?"
 - "Round yonder."
- "O shew me, please. Make haste. I'm in a great hurry."

"I see you be," said the old man slowly, leading the way however round to the back of the house. "You don't do things no faster for bein' in a hurry. Now ef I was to git into a hurry, I'd never git my wood sawed. Here's the place. You go right down there."

He shewed a flight of stone steps going down under the house. Maggie eagerly ran down them, and Meredith followed.

"It's perfectly dark," she cried. "I can't see anything. He can't be here, Ditto."

"He might be in the dark," said Meredith. "And your eyes will see clearer when you have been here a few minutes."

So it proved. Maggie waited, and by degrees the thick obscurity which seemed to press upon her eyeballs cleared away so far that she could discern what sort of a place she was in. It seemed to be at present a sort of rubbish cellar. Nothing but empty barrels and boxes and baskets and odd pieces of wood and rope and such things. Maggie stood bewildered.

"I don't see where he can be here."

"Call him."

Maggie called him, trembling in her eagerness. "Bill — Bill"—

Then came a faint, faint little smothered whine. Maggie shrieked.

"There! he is here. Did you hear that, Ditto? Bill?—O my dear Bill, where are you? I am here,—yes, I am here, Billing. I am coming. Bill, where are you?"

Another smothered cry, and then a scratching.

There was no doubt now, and Meredith set about an earnest investigation of all the barrels and boxes, calling Billing from time to time and getting an answer, but not seeing anything of him. At last, guided by the sound, Meredith lifted a large corn basket which was turned topsy turvy, and there under it was the dog, tied fast to one of the handles of the basket. Maggie had him in her arms immediately, but he seemed too dazed and downhearted to make much

demonstration in answer to her kisses and caresses and talk. Maggie hurried out to the phaeton and did not think herself quite safe or happy till the pony was in motion and had put some little distance between her and the house.

- "He's frightened, Ditto," said Maggie.
- "I should think he would be, shut up there in the dark."
- "And didn't know where I was, and didn't know how to get to me!" said Maggie, bursting into tears.
- "Never mind, Maggie he's all right now."
- "But no, he isn't, at all! See how he carries his head, —down, instead of lifting it up and looking all alive at everything. My little Billing! what has he done to you?"
- "There's your cousin coming," said Meredith.

Maggie wrapped Billing close in her arms and spied her cousin watchfully. His face wore a sort of smile as they drew near each other, a very unpleasant smile; but just as the phaeton came abreast of him and his sister, Bolivar's face changed. The smile went out of it, and a dark fire of anger darted from his eyes. It was only a moment, and they had left him behind.

- "He don't look amiable," Meredith remarked.
 - "Did he see that I had got Billing?"
- "Certainly he saw it. Didn't you see how vexed he was?"
- "Yes," said Maggie very thoughtfully.
 "O Ditto! what shall I do? He will hate
 him now more than ever."
 - "Who will hate whom?"
- "Bolivar. He will hate Billing now, worse than ever."
 - "Why should he?"
- "Because I have got him back, I suppose. Because you and I have disappointed him."
- "Thwarted him. That is not apt to improve people's tempers, it is true."
 - "Did you see how he looked?"

- "I am sorry to say, I did."
- "He'll try to do something else now, Ditto."
- "Then we will try to disappoint him again."
- "But I cannot always keep watch, you know; and Bolivar is a very bad boy."

Maggie cuddled her recovered darling in her arms, talked to him tenderly, the talk Billing was accustomed to and took as part of his rights; and finally broke out anew.

- "Ditto, how can I help disliking that boy very much?"
 - "I think he is very dislikeable, Maggie."
 - "I dislike him excessively."
- "Excess, means, above what is due and sufficient. You must not do anything excessively."
- "I don't think I dislike him a bit too much, in one way," said Maggie. "Not a bit more than is just due. But then, disliking him isn't much like loving him."

And over her old problem Maggie fell to musing.

CHAPTER IV.

MAGGIE told her troubles at home, as far as they concerned the dog. Mr. Candlish was greatly displeased; his wife was inclined to laugh it all off as a boy's trick.

- "Boys are always doing such things," she said.
- "Mamma, Fenton never does such things," pleaded Esther.
 - "Fenton is too much of a gentleman."
- "I never did such things either, when I was a boy," said Mr. Candlish.
- "I suppose, papa, you were too much of a gentleman, too," said Maggie.
- "I shall let Bolivar Dexter know a piece of my mind."
- "I hope you will not, Frank," said Mrs. Candlish. "It would only make trouble.

It would be sure to make trouble. Emily would not understand it. And boys will be boys."

"But mamma," urged Maggie, "I am afraid of Bolivar. He is outrageous, because I have got Billing back."

"If he ever does such a thing again, I'll talk to him," said Mrs. Candlish.

"He won't do such a thing," said Maggie; "he will not try the same over again; I am afraid of his doing something else."

"I do not think he will. At any rate, I I think it is best to wait before making a disturbance in the family, until he justifies your bad opinion of him."

"That opinion is abundantly justified already, in my mind," said Mr. Candlish.

"And when he has justified it again, maybe it will be too late," said Maggie disconsolately.

However, Mrs. Candlish had her way, and Mr. Candlish did nothing in the matter. Only, when he was setting off for town the next day, he recommended Maggie to keep a watch upon her dog.

Maggie was sure to do that. She would not let Billing out of her sight. It was curious to see how dashed and depressed the little creature seemed to be by his day's experience. His tail, which was wont to be curled up so tight over his back that it could get no further, now no longer asserted his independence; it hung more or less limp and spiritless; he cared more to lie down and sleep upon the skirt of Maggie's dress or in her arms than to make journeys to the barn in search of rats; it was sorrowful to see him. The bright eyes were not so bold, and the little perked ears were not half so full of business as their custom was. However, a day or two of safety and kindness restored things to their wonted condition in his mind and bearing, and Maggie was so far comforted. But it became more difficult to keep watch of him. He was at the barn sometimes, and in the cellar other times; and neither in barn nor cellar could Maggie be always with him. Meanwhile nothing whatever was seen of Bolivar. And by degrees, as the days went by, the energy of fear abated in Maggie, and the constant, persistent attention to what Billing was doing slackened of necessity; and by the end of a week or ten days everything was in its usual train. Maggie's equanimity was regained; her dislike of Bolivar, though certainly not lessened, fell into the background; and lessons and plays and a light heart went with the course of the hours.

One Monday morning came at last, forever by Maggie to be remembered. She had studied her lessons, and got them all ready for Meredith; and then she thought she would go over to the Pavilion and get some flowers to dress the house. This Maggie constantly did, the supply at Meadow Park being absolutely unfailing and quite at her disposal. Billing must go with her, of course; but for the second time Billing could not be

found. With anxiety greatly intensified now by her late experience, Maggie searched house and barn over and over from end to end. Plainly Billing was not there. The child's distress now became ungovernable. She imagined the little dog as again himself in distress of some sort; durance, as the mildest; and wanting her; and also in great danger of never feeling her care again. If Bolivar was at the bottom of the mischief this time, it was much to be feared that he would take good precautions not to be baffled nor found out. Mrs. Candlish herself and Betsey were concerned, and did their best in their several ways to help or to comfort Maggie; but the end was, there was no comfort to be had.

Almost too anxious for tears, Maggie at last went over to Meadow Park and told her story.

"Nobody has seen him since early this morning, hey?" said Meredith. "But if Bolivar has got him, he would not put him down in the cellar again, Maggie. We should not find him there a second time."

- "He must have put him somewhere, though."
 - "And you would like to go and see?"
- "O dear Ditto! very much!" said Maggie, shedding a few trembling tears.
- "Now be comforted, Maggie; we will find him, if Bolivar has anything to do with his disappearance; it is a very ugly trick, but I hope it is nothing more. He would not dare."
- "I think Bolivar Dexter would dare anything he liked, that was mischief," said Maggie. "There is nobody that he cares for at all."
 - "Mrs. Dexter must lead a life with him."
- "O she don't know. She says, he is a remarkably fine boy."

Before driving on to Mrs. Dexter's, Meredith preferred to stop and interrogate Betsey as to whom she had seen about the place that morning. "Ne'er a one," Betsey said,

"had crossed her eyes; except sich as had a right;" no tramps or suspicious looking persons had been there. She had seen nothing of Bolivar.

"I 'eard a shot a minute or two since, but there warn't nobody in the road as could 'a fired it."

"A shot!" said Meredith. "Where?"

"How will I tell? Not that fur from the barn, I should judge; it sounded sharp in my ears; but, 'owever, there warn't nobody as could 'a fired it."

"Shots don't go off without hands."

"That's true enough; but I see no 'ands this time, though I looked."

Meredith went rather thoughtfully back to the phaeton where he had left Maggie, and they drove on. They had not gone many rods when they overtook Bolivar Dexter with a gun on his shoulder. Meredith drew rein.

"Hot weather to be out with a gun," he remarked civilly.

- "Depends on what you're used to," replied young Dexter.
 - "What game are you after?"
 - "Larks."
 - "More than one?" said Meredith.
- "You may have all I've shot to-day," said the other scornfully. "Don't you see, I've had no luck."
- "You never will," said Meredith. "Mark my words,—unless you turn over no end of new leaves, and hunt something else beside larks."

He stayed no further parley, but put the pony in motion.

- "Why did you stop to talk to him, Meredith?" said Maggie.
 - "I wanted to see what he was up to."
 - "Could you find out?"
- "It is rather too easy to find out in general with people like your cousin. They shew in their whole face and manner that they are after no good."
- "Do you think he knows anything about Billing?"

"I thought it was no use to put the direct question to him, Maggie. I suppose he would just as lief lie as not."

"O just as lief," said Maggie. "He don't mind about truth at all."

Meredith drove on very fast till they reached Mrs. Dexter's. There he sent Maggie in alone to make her inquiries, admonishing her to be quick. Maggie found no excuse for being anything else. Mrs. Dexter was rather outraged that she should come a second time there to search for her stray dog. Maggie pleaded that on the former occasion she had come to the right place. All the more, Mrs. Dexter said. it could not be the right place now. Bolivar might like to tease; all boys did; but he was not enough of a fool to try the same game twice. More to the purpose, Bolivar's sister Loo declared that she had seen and heard nothing of Billing; and she did not believe Bolivar had had anything to do with him.

Forlornly Maggie came back to the phaeton and told her ill success to Meredith, who made no comment, did not look disappointed, and drove very fast back again.

Arriving at Maggie's home, where she stopped because it was luncheon time, Meredith stopped also himself. He did not go in with her; he waited till she had closed the house door, and then fastened the pony's reins to the fence and strode off straight to the barn. Maggie in tears meanwhile told her mother the fruitless efforts that had been made to find the dog.

"I thought Bolivar would have nothing to do with the matter this time," said Mrs. Candlish. "I dare say Billing will turn up somewhere, Maggie; he is not lost, I think; I should not be surprised if he were to walk in this evening as if nothing had happened. Wait a while, and do not give up hope till you must. Come now and have something to eat. You are hot and tired and overexcited; you will make yourself sick, my child."

Maggie felt little comfort from all this; nevertheless she tried to eat. She had just entered upon a bowl of bread and milk with raspberries, and found that they tasted good; when Betsey put her head into the room.

"Miss Maggie — "

That was all she said, but the spoon fell from the poor child's hand. As well as if fifty words had told her, she knew that Betsey had news and that the news was not good. The little cheeks whitened, as she jumped up and followed Betsey's retreating head into the kitchen.

"Have you found him, Betsey? or what is it?"

"Mr. Franklin has found him. My dear, he's dead."

Guided by Betsey's eye, or by instinct, or by some sound, Maggie flew to the kitchen door which opened to the garden. Just outside stood Meredith, and at his feet an open basket in which lay the little body of Billing, still enough now. Meredith did not speak, and Maggie, dumb with the overpressure of feeling, stooped down to look closer. Quite naturally the little creature lay on his side in the basket; the face looked just as usual, as if it must see the loving eyes that were looking into it; the big black eyes were lustrous and soft yet; and the skin felt warm. Maggie lifted the little head and gazed into the eyes; it seemed as if they must see her, but they gave no response, and the perked little ears did not move. In life they would have gone back at once in sign of pleasure, and maybe the little black upper lip would have been lifted all round, so as to shew a glistening white row of teeth from one side to the other; it was Billing's way of expressing great delight and fun together. But now there was no movement, although the lustrous eyes looked as if they must see the other eyes that were gazing into them so lovingly.

"Is he dead? What has hurt him? what is the matter?" asked Maggie crouching

down by the basket, and unable as yet to understand anything.

"Don't you see?" said Meredith.

And he pointed to two small spots in the side of the little dog's head where the skin was broken, and whence a drop or two of blood had oozed out.

- "What is that?"
- "He has been shot."
- "Shot!" said Maggie shuddering. "And he shot him? That was what he had the gun for?"

Meredith nodded.

Maggie's hand was making soft passes over the head and back and side and legs of her favourite alternately; quiet tears dripping and dripping unconsciously from her eyes. Maggie paid no regard to them, only brushed them aside when they hindered her vision. The flesh of the little dog was warm and soft yet; the hot sun had been shining on him where he fell.

"I will never forgive him!" said Maggie

with quivering lips and voice, not intermitting her occupation of stroking the dog; "never! I will never forgive him!"

It was no time to reason with her. Meredith looked down very sorrowfully upon the agitated little features.

"I will get you another dog, Maggie," he said at last. But that overwhelmed Maggie.

"I don't want another!" she cried, the tears coming faster and hotter. "O I don't want another! It wouldn't be Billing."

"He has not suffered at all," said Meredith presently. "He died, I should think, instantly."

"Just because Bolivar couldn't catch him," said Maggie. "My dear little doggie! My dear little doggie!"

If words can express a depth of tenderness, these words did. And Maggie now was quite overcome. Her mother came out to see what the matter was, and Betsey and Meredith looked on sympathizingly; but the little dog lay dead in his basket, and the child beside him was breaking her heart.

- "I'll h'engage that was a mean h'action!" said Betsey; "whoever did it. And that was the shot I 'eard."
 - "Who fired it?" Mrs. Candlish asked.
- "I wasn't h'interested," Betsey replied.
 "I've 'eard a many shots go off as was nothing to nobody, nor who fired 'em; and I didn't know as this was no h'exception; and I never gave more'n a look, that see nothin'."

Meredith said nothing.

- "I cannot think," said Mrs. Candlish, "what any one should have wished to shoot the dog for. I could understand somebody's stealing him, for he was valuable."
- "It was Bolivar, mamma," Maggie managed to say.
- "I think not, my dear," Mrs. Candlish answered gently. "You are prejudiced. Bolivar could gain nothing by shooting him."
 - "He did it, mamma; we saw him."
 - "Saw him shoot the dog?"
- "No, mamma; we saw him with the gun."

"Gun? when?"

Meredith explained, in a few short words.

- "I cannot think it was he," Mrs. Candlish repeated.
- "Mamma, it was just at the time a few minutes after it was done we saw him; and he told Ditto he had been after larks."
- "That must have been boys' nonsense talk, Maggie."
- "He meant it," said Maggie sobbing; "and I will never forgive Bolivar Dexter, never, not as long as I live. Never, never."
- "I'm h'afeard that punishment'll 'ardly be h'up to his deserts," muttered Betsey as she turned back into her kitchen; "but I wish somebody'ud pound the young scamp!"

Meredith at Maggie's desire at last brought the Billing's basket into the house, and took it to the coolest place where it could be kept; the spare room up stairs.

- "Where will you have him buried, Maggie?" he asked.
 - "Not to-day?" said Maggie terrified.

"No, but to-morrow. Shall I find a pretty place near the Pavilion?"

For all answer to which, Maggie turned and threw herself into the boy's arms, where she gave way to a tempest of grief. It was beyond soothing. Meredith had to let it have its way.

- "O Ditto," said the child when she could speak, "ought I to forgive Bolivar?"
- "You must think about that when you are more able," said Meredith kindly. "Now what you want is to go and lie down and sleep. You are too tired and too grieved to think."
- "But I don't want to forgive him, Ditto. He is a bad, bad, bad fellow."
 - "So was I, when you knew me first."
- "No, you never were!" said Maggie energetically. "You were always good to me. You never would have done such a thing."
- "Well, I think not," said Meredith; "but people have different ways of being bad,

Maggie; and if I had not your cousin's ways, I had my own."

- "He won't change," said Maggie.
- "Perhaps he will."
- "But at any rate, till he does change and is sorry, I ought not to forgive him; ought I?"
- "Go and lie down, and sleep and rest; and we will talk about that another time."
 - "I can't rest," said Maggie plaintively.
 - "Perhaps you can, if you try."
- "But he used to be always with me when I went to sleep,"—and the child's voice choked; for she remembered how gleefully the little dog used to spring forward when he saw her preparing to lie down on the sofa, how a leap would bring him up to her side, and then how lovingly and enjoyingly he would nestle down within her arm, or close up just under her chin, and curl himself up or stretch himself out, as the case might be, for a prolonged siesta with her. It was to be with her; the sofa was deserted

the instant she left it, and the little creature all ready for work or play on the instant, to the tip end of every hair. Never was a more active or less lazy specimen of his kind. And now the tiny little legs which were so wonderfully swift and agile, would move no more. Maggie's lip quivered with bitter sorrow as she looked.

"He will be quite safe here," said Meredith. "Now you go and rest."

It took a good deal of persuading, but he gained his object at last; and Maggie did sleep away some hours of that sorrowful day. She was a very delicate child yet, notwithstanding that her winter at the South had restored her to all her seeming health and strength. The strength was frail, and Maggie's friends earnestly watched against anything that might overtry it. And it was a pale, wan-looking little face that Mr. Candlish greeted on his return from the city that evening. Maggie got full sympathy this time from everybody.

"Bolivar Dexter shall not enter my house again, unless he first makes a humble apology," said Mr. Candlish.

"Then he'll never enter it," remarked Esther. "Nothing would make him make a humble apology."

"That would serve no purpose, Frank, except to create ill-blood between the families, and do harm," said his wife.

"He wouldn't care a snap, either," added Esther.

"There is too much ill-blood already," said Mr. Candlish. "If Mrs. Dexter cannot control her children, they will be unwelcome visitants at any house. Bolivar is not to come into mine, you understand, Caroline."

"Emily will not understand that, and she will be offended," said Mrs. Candlish. "I should, in her place."

"The thing is just now, that I am offended," answered her husband. "I would not have had this thing happen for a good deal of money."

"Certainly, neither would I. But it cannot be recalled; and I think your plan would only add harm to harm."

"It will be no harm to be without that boy's visits," said Mr. Candlish. "He deserves a much heavier punishment than I can give him; but so much disgrace I can and will inflict."

- "He won't care, papa," said Esther.
- "Papa," said Maggie, "don't you think it is right, that when people have done wrong they should be punished?"
- "They always are, Maggie, sooner or later."
- "But, I mean, don't you think it is right to punish them?"
- "I am going upon that principle in the present case."
- "But Bolivar won't be much punished," said Maggie meditating.
- "No, he wants a horsewhip and a hand competent to apply it. But Maggie dear, understand. Why do you think we inflict

punishments, on children or grown-up people?"

"You don't punish grown-up people much, do you, papa?"

"Think. What are jails for, and fines, and hangings, and all such things? I mean, why do we inflict them?"

"Because the people have done wicked things."

"Yes, but why do we punish them for some of their wicked things?"

"Don't you, — I mean, aren't the people punished for all their wicked things?"

"Not by us. Not by man. Only God can do that. We can reach but a very few. Why do we punish those certain few?"

"Because the people deserve to be punished."

"How can we tell what they deserve?"

"Why papa, if a man steals something, for instance, we know what he has done?"

"Do we know how he was tempted?"

"No, papa, but - "

"Do we know what sort of training and experience he has had to quicken his discernment of good and evil?"

" No, papa."

"We cannot tell whether anybody has ever told the truth to him. Perhaps he has never had any loving or pure influences about him in his life. We don't know all this; can we tell what he deserves?"

"Then, papa, the people oughtn't to be punished?"

"They ought to be punished. But not for what they deserve. Only to prevent others from doing the like things; that the good part of society may be safe and quiet. But to give people what they deserve—only God can do that, my little daughter, for only God knows. And often and often, in his sight, the judge on the bench is worse than the poor culprit he condemns."

"Then, papa," said Maggie after a moment's pondering, "what good will your punishing of Bolivar do?"

- "It may awaken his own moral sense," said Mr. Candlish curtly.
- "I don't believe he has any moral sense," said Maggie.
- "Then he is in a bad way," said Mr. Candlish unfolding his newspaper.
- "Frank," said his wife, "I wouldn't encourage Maggie in an unforgiving disposition. She is inclined to be very severe in her judgments."
 - "Maggie?" said Mr. Candlish.
 - "Yes. Nobody more so."
- "So am I, sometimes. But to judge that Bolivar Dexter is wanting in the faculty which appreciates right and wrong, is to be charitable, I think, not severe."

CHAPTER V.

MAGGIE'S grief hurt her. It was too much for the delicate little frame which as yet had not hardened itself to bear the attacks of time and trouble. And the loss of a dog may be more or may be less to older persons, who have known greater losses; but Maggie was a child, and to her it was trouble, and severe. The Billing, caressed and loved as he was, had been more a friend than a pet; Maggie's constant and most faithful friend and attendant. They had enjoyed life together, the child and the dog; they understood one another; they held communication together; and Maggie's words and hands were hardly more intelligible than Billing's tail and ears; yes, than his bright looks and grins of delight. They understood each other perfectly; and Maggie mourned a loss

which is not a trifling one to anybody, great or small, who has been able to appreciate the possession. She shed tears till tears seemed to be dried up in their fountain; and when tears did not flow, went about house or sat still in a corner, with a white, mournful little face which grieved her friends not a little. She was not accessible to comfort. She did not wish for another dog, she said; it was not that; another dog would not be Billing. Twenty times a day she stole into the room where the little dog lay in the basket, and there she would stand by the table, looking at him, tenderly stroking him, and crying sometimes as if her heart would break. Nobody knew quite how often she did this, but it was not good for her; and Mrs. Candlish was very desirous to have Maggie's dead pet buried and out of her sight; but Maggie's objections to this were so heartfelt that her mother did not like to press it. The second day Meredith came to look after his pupil.

[&]quot;She is up-stairs," said Mrs. Candlish.

"Do get her to let that creature be buried, Master Franklin; it *cannot* remain any longer; and I do not know what to say to her. She is in no state to bear a word."

Meredith went up and found Maggie standing over Billing's basket, with a face old in its expression, it had such a depth of tender grief. He coaxed her down stairs and over to the Park; and then took her to the place he had chosen for the grave of her lost pet; saying, with a quiet assuming of the fact, that they would lay the Billing there that afternoon. Maggie startled and would have objected, but Meredith in the same manner declared it quite necessary; and Maggie gave way. So they did it, that afternoon, as the summer sun was low westering, in the glory of the golden rays, and with the sweetness of fresh mown grass filling the air. Maggie put sticks to mark the place, and Meredith said he would have a little slab of brown stone put there with "The Billing" on it.

[&]quot;You are so good, Ditto!" said Maggie.

"But why do you say the Billing? You often used to call him so."

"Historic truth," said Meredith. "In very old Saxon times, the Billing was an officer chosen and appointed to look after the laws and see that they were kept; and well he did it."

"And how well this Billing did it too," said Maggie. "O Ditto, you are very good!"

"You want somebody to be good to you," said Meredith. "Such a pale, blue and white, tear-stained little face I have not seen in a great while. Why you have fairly grown thin and lost your good looks this two or three days. What shall we do to you?"

"It isn't — only — for Billing," said Maggie.

[&]quot;Does anything else trouble you?"

[&]quot;Yes."

[&]quot;May I know what?"

[&]quot;O yes." But Maggie hesitated. "Ditto,

I am afraid I don't feel just as I ought to feel; and I can't feel any differently."

- "About what? You are mysterious."
- "No, it isn't mysterious," said Maggie quaintly. "I am not friends with Bolivar. Not at all."
- "Well, do you want to be friends with him?"
- "No, I don't, Ditto. I don't want it a bit."
 - "How then comes the trouble?"
- "Why oughtn't I to be friends with him?"
- "What do you mean by being friends with him?"
- "O—you know; forgiving him, and feeling pleasantly towards him, and letting him come to the house just as he used, and not disliking him."
- "But I thought we understood that last point, Maggie; that though we are to *love* our enemies we are not to *like* them, and cannot, unless they become likeable."

- "I don't love Bolivar. I think I almost bate him"
 - "I am certain you do no such thing."
 - "How can you tell?"
- "From what I know of you. Angry with him you may be; I do not think it is in you to hate anybody."
- "I can't bear the sight of him, nor the sound of him. I don't want to hear his name mentioned; and when it is mentioned, I feel as if my heart was boiling. Isn't that hating him?"
 - "Do you wish him evil?"
- "Yes," said Maggie considering, "I think I do. I would like to have him punished."
 - "For his own sake."
- "No, Ditto, not for his own sake at all. For my sake, and for Billing's sake. I would like to have him punished. And papa says, it is not the business of people to give people what they deserve; he says only God can do that; but I would like to give Bolivar what he deserves."

"What do you suppose that to be?" Meredith asked gravely. "What would answer to that wish in your mind?"

Maggie did not answer for several minutes.

- "I am afraid I don't feel good at all, Ditto," she said finally. "And what shall I do? for I can't help it."
- "You have not told me how you want to give that cousin of yours his deserts, yet."
- "I wish he was not my cousin. Don't ever call him my cousin, please."
- "Well, Maggie, what do you want to do to him?"
- "I can't do anything at all. But I can't bear to have mamma speak kindly to him; and I like papa to keep him out of the house; and I believe I would like it, if somebody would give him a real good horse-whipping,—till he howled."

The matter was certainly serious, nevertheless Meredith was obliged to bite his lips for a minute.

- "And you do not think it is right to feel so?" he asked then gravely.
 - "Is it?"
 - "Let us see what the Bible says."
- "O I know what the Bible says; it says, 'Love your enemies, and those that despitefully use you;' and it says 'pray for them;' but I can't."
- "Bolivar Dexter is hardly your enemy, Maggie."
- "He was Billing's enemy," said Maggie, her eyes overflowing again; "and that is the same thing. I know I don't feel right."
- "Come here, Maggie," said Meredith, drawing her into his arms, "this won't do. You will certainly make yourself sick. Can't you stop crying? Billing was only a little dog; by and by I can get you another just as good."
- "He was a great deal more than a little dog!" said Maggie, hiding her head on Meredith's shoulder; "he was my friend! and he loved me very much."

"So do I; and it vexes me to have you make yourself sick, Maggie."

Maggie tried to control herself, for she was supremely fond of Meredith. Nevertheless the double cause of sorrow wrought too heavily for the child's strength. She lost her appetite, grew pale, took hold languidly of her lessons, and was altogether in a bad way. Mr. Murray being all this while at Bay House, she had no one to whom she could unbosom herself, except Meredith; and he failed to help her out of her trouble. Mr. Candlish was so little of the time at home that Maggie had small chance to get him alone for the purpose of a good talk.

She might have had a chance when Sunday came, but it happened then that Mr. Candlish had a headache. Maggie disconsolately strolled over to the Pavilion.

"What shall I do to you?" said Meredith. "You are like the Maggie that went to Florida—not like the Maggie that came back. Wait, and I'll get you something. What did you eat for luncheon?"

- "Soup."
- "How much?"
- "I don't know. I couldn't eat it."
- "I thought so. You look as if you had had soup for luncheon and couldn't eat it. Now wait."

He left her, and came back presently with a handful of early peaches; not little stunted sour things, but white and rosy, and full and rich and juicy. Maggie took a peach, with an exclamation, and eat one and then another.

- "I wonder what you would like very much," said Meredith considering her.
 - "I like these."
- "Yes, but a peach does not last long. I mean, something different and more; something that would give you a great deal of pleasure."
- "I don't know," said Maggie smiling faintly. "I don't think I want anything."
- "That's a good-sized mistake. You want something very much — if I only knew just

what! Of all the things you can think of, what would give you the greatest pleasure? Supposing I was a Genie, you know, and could get you your wish. Or supposing I could not; still tell me what in your fancy would be the pleasantest thing imaginable."

- "I can't think of anything."
- "Not another dog?"
- "O no. If I could, what I would like, would be to be back again upon that island where we were lost last spring."
- "You would!" said Meredith. "You would like to get away from Leeds again?"
- "Leeds isn't pleasant now. Everything I do, something makes me think of Billing."
- "What if, instead of going to the island, which you know, we were to go to some other pleasant place which you don't know?"
- "O but, I can't, you know," said Maggie.
- "You are not sure of that. Perhaps I can manage it."
 - "You can't," said Maggie sighing. Mam-

ma wouldn't let me go away again, I am sure. And who should I go with? And where should I go?"

"Whom should you go with? Well, I'll be one of the party."

"Mamma wouldn't let me go with you alone."

"No. Well, we would take Flora perhaps. And coax Mr. Murray to go along."

"O Ditto!" said the child, a flash of delighted hope coming into her face, the first in a long time; — "but I am so afraid you can't manage it."

"We'll try, Maggie."

"But where shall we go?"

"I don't care. Take the map of the world, and look and see where we shall go."

"The map of the world!—but dear Ditto, I couldn't go so far as that, you know."

"So far as what?" said Meredith laughing.

"I shouldn't want the map of the world to find out where we should go."

"Well; take the map of America then. Here it is for you."

Maggie glanced at the great Atlas which he had opened, and at the huge outlines of the North American continent which lay spread before her; and a look of her old self came up; a bright, interested, intent expression again. Meredith secretly hugged himself, but outwardly he was grave and tranquil, with a quite business-like manner. Maggie came to the table, drew up a chair, and bent over the map.

- "O Ditto, you don't mean it!"
- "Mean what?"
- "That we can go wherever I please."
- "I mean that exactly."
- "But America is a very big piece of ground."
- "Railroads go all over it. Over all the parts you would care for, that is. I do not suppose you would want to follow Sir John Ross up in the Arctic regions; and Mexico is in rather an unsettled condition. But from

the Atlantic to the Pacific the land is open to you."

Maggie laughed, with an expression of delighted enterprise, and turned to the map again.

- "If your mother did not mind, we would go across seas and see Switzerland; but I suppose that is out of the question. So do the best you can with America."
- "O yes, and uncle Eden couldn't be gone so long either, from Bay House. I have never been to Boston."
 - "Would you like to go to Boston?"
 - "But I have never been anywhere."
 - "That is delightful."
 - " Why?"
 - "You have got it all to see."
- "Well, what is best, Ditto? what would you advise?"
- "Do you want to see people, or mountains, or waterfalls, or the sea?"
 - "O I have seen the sea."
 - "Which of the others, then?"

- "And I see people every day."
- "No you don't," said Meredith laughing. "People, means the world of people. Mountains or waterfalls, then?"
- "I never saw a waterfall," said Maggie thoughtfully. "Is that very much to see?"
 - "A good deal of water sometimes."
- "O but, there is a good deal of water in the sea."
 - "This is a good deal of water in action."
 - "Isn't the ocean in action?"
- "Yes," said Meredith, laughing again. "This is violent action."
 - "I should think it would frighten me?"
 - "No, it wouldn't."
- "Do you recommend a waterfall then? What waterfall would you choose?"
- "You might take Niagara or we might go to Quebec and view the falls of Montmorenci."
- "Niagara!" exclaimed Maggie. "I never thought of Niagara. That is the best. O let us go to Niagara, Ditto."

- "With all my heart. I have never been there myself. I should like mainly to go."
 - "Do you think mamma will let me?"
- "I shall attack Mr. Candlish first; and if I get him on my side, I shall expect to carry my point."
 - "And, dear Ditto, when will you go?"
- "As soon as I can make my arrangements. So you may set about yours immediately."
- "My arrangements?" said Maggie, turning from the Atlas and confronting Meredith with a grave face. "What are they?"
- "I don't know! Have you got all you want for the journey? Mind, we must not give Mrs. Candlish any trouble. If you want anything, you must whisper it very privately to me. Don't you want Esther to go too?"
- "Oh delightful!" exclaimed Maggie. "Ditto, you are just the best boy that ever was."

CHAPTER VI.

MEREDITH succeeded in making his arrangements, and without great difficulty. Mr. Candlish felt the wisdom of the plan, and gratefully accepted it; and it was easy to talk Mrs. Candlish over. Esther was beside herself with delight. Mr. Murray wrote he would go. Flora was very glad to be one of the party. Maggie's arrangements, on the other hand, called for a good deal of consultation.

- "We have nothing to wear," said Esther, in a private confab, as soon as details began to be taken up and talked over.
 - "We have frocks," said Maggie.
- "Calico frocks! or cambrick! Those won't do for a journey."
 - "Why not?"

- "Nobody wears such things on a journey. You would look very mean."
 - "What should we wear?"
 - "Black silk."
- "Black silk!" exclaimed Maggie. "But that would be very hot, Esther. I shouldn't like it in this weather."
- "It is the proper thing, though," returned Esther.
- "Then it is the proper thing to be uncomfortable. I'd rather be comfortable."
- "It isn't uncomfortable. It always looks nice, and dust don't stick to it, and it don't soil."
 - "We haven't got black silks," said Maggie.
- "No, but you will see that Flora Franklin will wear one."

Maggie pondered. It seemed to her that a journey to Niagara could not be spoiled by the want of a black silk travelling dress; and her face cleared up again.

"The next best thing would be linen," Esther went on. "I wonder if mamma

wouldn't get us some linen travelling dresses? They don't cost much."

Maggie pondered again, and shook her head. "Essie, if mamma *could* get them, or something, for us, you know she would. I wouldn't ask her."

- "I'm not going to ask her," said Esther.

 "But I don't know what we shall do. I'll
 get Betsey to do up all our dresses; we shall
 want every one; but all we have got are no
 use in the cars."
- "I know one thing I want," said Maggie; "and that is, a basket."
 - "A basket! What for?"
 - "O, to put things in, you know."
 - "What things?"
- "Wouldn't it be nice to take some maple sugar?"
- "Maple sugar! You know, Maggie, mamma never allows us to eat anything in the cars."
 - "O I didn't mean to eat it in the cars."
- "You wouldn't want a basket full of maple sugar."

- "No, but I thought, we would want to pick up things."
 - "What sort of things?"
- "I don't know.—I am sure we should. We should find things. Ditto says we are going to Trenton Falls first of all, and there will be walks in the woods."
- "If we *only* had dresses!" Esther exclaimed, divided between ecstasy and mortification.
- "And Essie I have got a new thought. I think it is splendid."
 - "Go on, and let us hear."
- "Don't you think it would be nice to keep a Diary?"

Maggie made this communication half under her breath, as too precious to be trusted to the common air.

- "What's a Diary?" said Esther doubtfully.
- "O don't you know? Telling every day what you do, and what you see, and how you feel; writing it down, you know. So then afterwards you have it to read."

Esther eyed her sister with wide-open eyes, as in doubt whether to dismiss this idea with scorn or to entertain it respectfully.

- "That's a Journal," she said at last.
- "People call it a Diary. A great many people keep diaries. I think it would be fun. So I should want a pen in my basket, and a little bottle of ink, and a little blank book!"
 - "How are you going to get them?"
- "I've got half a dollar. I mean to ask uncle Eden to buy me a book, when we go through New York."
- "I have got no half dollar," said Esther.
 "I spent mine. Half a dollar isn't much."
- "You spent your half dollar for ribband for that side pocket. And after all, you never made it."
- "I partly made it," said Esther. "I haven't time."

A day or two before the party were to set out, arrived Mr. Murray. Since the early

spring he had not been in Leeds, and now his welcome was overflowing. All the affairs of the household, and all Maggie's troubles about her dog, were detailed to him anew. They had been told once before of course by letter. Sunday afternoon, before tea, Maggie found her chance for the private confab she had wanted.

"Uncle Eden," she began, sidling into his arms, "I have got something to talk to you about."

"Let us have it, Maggie. Is it something intricate?"

"I don't know what 'intricate' is. But it is all so mixed up that I don't know how to make out anything."

"Must be very intricate, I should say. What is the subject?"

"My feelings," answered Maggie gravely.

"Feelings are apt to be an intricate subject. Well, my pet, go on. What can have confused yours?"

"Uncle Eden," said Maggie with a most

serious and profound air, "I don't know whether it is my sin, or my nature."

"Might possibly be both," said Mr. Murray, as gravely as herself, "seeing that nature, in all of us, is evil."

"But, I mean,—I didn't speak just right; I mean, I don't know whether it is really wrong, or not, or whether it is what you call just natural, and can't be helped."

"Let us examine into it, Maggie. I don't know what you are thinking about yet."

"My feelings about Bolivar Dexter."

"Because of his shooting your little dog?"

"Yes." And the tears started to Maggie's eyes.

"How do you feel towards him?"

"Uncle Eden, I can't bear the sight of him; and it almost makes me angry to have mamma speak kindly to him, and I am glad to have papa keep him out of the house. And I would like it, if somebody who had a strong arm would give him a right down good horsewhipping!"

Having made this statement, Maggie faced her uncle and looked to see what he thought. As usual, Mr. Murray's face was undeclarative.

- "You think it would do him good?" he asked calmly.
- "I don't know whether it would do him good. I think I should feel better."
 - "Why would you feel better?"
- "Because he deserves it, uncle Eden. Don't you think he does?"
 - "I think he does, richly."
- "Isn't it right to like to have people have what they deserve?"
- "You mean, I suppose, everybody except ourselves?"

Maggie did not answer. Mr. Murray's tone was entirely commonplace and made no suggestions; but somehow the answer did not come.

- "Or do you mean to include yourself?"
- "No, uncle Eden," came low from Maggie.

There was again a pause.

- "But, uncle Eden, isn't it right to like to have people get what they deserve?"
- "It is right to like to have them get what they deserve, in so far as it may do the individuals good, or tend to the safety and peace of society; but I understood you to disclaim such motives in the case of Bolivar."
- "What is my motive, then?" asked Maggie, leaning affectionately upon her uncle's knee and looking up in his face.
 - "Can you guess?"
- "Papa said," Maggie replied after hesitating again, "that nobody but God could give people what they deserve."
- "And more than that, he does not choose that anybody else should try to do it. It is his affair entirely. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"
- "Uncle Eden," said Maggie, "did you think I wanted vengeance on Bolivar?"
- "What did you want? 'Vengeance' is just repaying the criminal; giving him according to his works; what he deserves."

- "What shall I do, uncle Eden?" said Maggie with a troubled voice, after she had thought over this statement.
 - "About what?"
 - "I am afraid I can't feel right."
- "The best thing to do is to forgive your cousin."
- "Forgive him?" said Maggie. "Give up wanting to have him punished?"
- "Give up every disagreeable feeling about him."
 - "Oh, uncle Eden, how can I?"
 - "How can you pray the Lord's prayer?"
 - "Can't I?" said Maggie wistfully.
- "Can you say, 'Forgive me my trespasses, as I have forgiven Bolivar Dexter?' It means that, Maggie, if it means anything."

The little girl looked very dismal.

- "But how can I, uncle Eden?" she said again.
- "How can the dear Lord forgive you, Maggie? Bolivar has never crossed your pleasure as you have crossed his."

"Have I?" said Maggie. "But he forgives because he is so good."

"And loves his enemies. And God's children are like him. If he is Love itself, they are loving; and like him, loving to the unthankful and to the evil. 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.'"

- "But can I, uncle Eden?"
- "Can you what?"
- "Can I, or anybody, be like that?"
- "What do you think the Lord means when he gives us a command? that we should obey it, or not?"
- "He means that we should try to obey it."
- "No, he doesn't, or he would have said so. He never says, 'Try to obey me.' But taking it so, Maggie, are you trying to be perfect?"
- "Perfect?" repeated the little girl very thoughtfully.

[&]quot;Yes."

"Uncle Eden, I thought nobody was perfect?"

"Therefore you thought you would not try?"

"Uncle Eden — could I try, really, for what is impossible?"

"No; not for what you thought impossible. At that rate, Maggie, what would the Lord's word amount to?"

"I suppose — we should try to come as near it as we can."

"Suppose you were a soldier, Maggie. And suppose your commanding officer gave you a number of men, and ordered you to take a certain fort from the enemy. And further suppose, that you should say to yourself, 'It is impossible with the means at my command. The General cannot mean it. He means, that I should get as near to it as I can and watch it; and that I will do.' What would the General say to you, do you think?"

"But suppose it was really impossible to take the fort?" pleaded Maggie.

- "Obedience knows nothing of impossibilities. It says, as an officer is famed for having said on one occasion, 'If it is possible, it shall be done; and if it is impossible, it must be done!' But you are supposing that the General made a mistake."
- "And Jesus couldn't," said Maggie thoughtfully.
 - "'His work is perfect."
- "But what shall I do then, uncle Eden?" Maggie began again. "I feel as if it was impossible."
 - "It is impossible, so long as you feel so."
 - "What can I do, then?"
- "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the author and finisher of our faith; the Beginning and the Ending."
 - "Do you mean that he will help me?"
- "If you believe him, and trust him to do it."
 - "You mean, if I pray to him."
- "No; I mean, if you believe in him. You must ask, Maggie; but you must also be-

lieve, that Jesus will give you what you ask."

"But, if I think it is *impossible*," said Maggie slowly, "I cannot believe that he will help me to do it."

"Quite true," said Mr. Murray, very much surprised at this new development in Maggie, at the same time not giving any token of his feeling.

"Then what can I do?"

"Nothing, if you cannot believe the Lord's promise. I don't see any help for you. The whole question, whether it is possible or not to obey the Lord's commands, hangs on that point; whether we believe his word."

"I do believe his word!" said Maggie, ready to cry.

"Not in this instance, my pet. Do you remember what the Lord said to the poor man who came to him with a terribly sick child to be cured?—"If thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth."

- "What did the man do?"
- "He cried, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'"
 - "I will say so too, uncle Eden."
- "The Bible says of a man wanting wisdom,—and God promises to give it freely,—yet it says of the man, 'Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed; for let not that man think that he shall receive anything of God.'"
- "That's how I am, uncle Eden," said Maggie. "But then, if it is not impossible, why do people say it is?"
- "That is nothing to the question. They say it for various reasons. What you have to do, is to believe the promise of the Lord Jesus and obey him; do as Caleb and Joshua did, who followed the Lord 'fully."
 - "How did Caleb and Joshua do?"
- "I'll tell you another time, Maggie; I see the others are coming in."

Maggie glanced towards the window,

where she saw her mother and sister and aunt approaching slowly.

"Uncle Eden," she said hastily, "what ought I to do about Bolivar?" Tears were in the child's eyes.

"How ought you to feel and act towards him, do you mean?"

"Yes. If I felt just right. How would I feel?"

Maggie now wound her arms tight round her uncle's neck and hid her face there to await the answer.

"I think you would not be angry with him. I think you would forgive him, in the way you wish to be forgiven yourself."

"Yes, but I mean, how would I behave towards him?"

"Pleasantly. More than civilly. Kindly; so that if you had a chance you would give him a pleasure."

"Would it be good for me to behave to him so, even if I don't feel so?"

"You cannot."

- "Can't I?"
- "No. There is no making-believe forgiveness, that has the ring and the sweetness of the true."
- "But would it be good for me to try to behave so to him?"
- "Very good!" said Mr. Murray kissing her; "one of the best helps you could give yourself. If you could contrive to shew him a kindness, it would be a great point gained."
- "Maggie and her uncle!" said Mrs. Candlish entering. "Inseparable, as usual."

Maggie drew away her arms and turned aside.

- "How long are you going to be angry with Bolivar, Maggie?" asked Mrs. Dexter. "You and your father. Do you know, I don't believe he ever fired that shot that did so much damage."
 - "Betsey heard him," said Maggie quickly.
 - "The shot, not Bolivar."
 - "But we saw him with the gun."
 - "You might have seen fifty other people

with guns. That proves nothing. He told me he was out trying for a lark."

"He's—" Maggie began hotly, and stopped. Mrs. Candlish laughed.

"The less said about it, the better, Emily," she remarked. "You don't understand boys, I see."

Maggie said no more, and was uncommonly silent and thoughtful the whole evening. As Mrs. Dexter was there, she had no chance for any more private talk. But when her bed-time arrived, and she came to bid goodnight to Mr. Murray, she flung her arms round his neck again, and coming very close whispered,

"I am going to ask Meredith, and then if he has no objection, I am going to ask Bolivar to go to Niagara with us."

"Stop," said Mr. Murray holding her; "are you sure that your cousin would like it?"

"He wants to go dreadfully," said Maggie nodding.

- "How do you know?"
- "Esther heard him say so."

Mr. Murray smiled and let her go. How the plan would work, he did not feel sure; but he would not interfere to stop Maggie.

CHAPTER VII.

MEREDITH'S astonishment was considerable, when Maggie propounded her scheme to him, early Monday morning. She had run over to the Park before breakfast on purpose, where she found Meredith just come out into the garden.

- "What's the notion, Maggie?" he asked.
- "I don't feel right, Ditto; and uncle Eden says it will be a help to me if I can do Bolivar a kindness. And I can't think of any other way."
 - "Will he consider this a kindness?"
- "I guess he will!" said Maggie. "Esther was talking to him the other day about our going, and he looked a little blue about it, she said. It's just his vacation time, as well as Essie's; and he don't know what to do with himself."

- "Won't it spoil your pleasure, Maggie?"
- "I have thought about it, Ditto. At first I thought it would; but now I don't think it can."
- "Well, do just as you please. Of course, I am willing."
- "Uncle Eden said I must tell you, he would go as his guest."

Meredith smiled and said, that was no matter.

"Only that would be right. Thank you, dear Ditto. I must run right back, so as to get word to him."

Maggie had some qualms yet, privately; however, she sent the invitation to her cousin, after getting her father's leave.

Later in the day came a surprise. A servant brought over a package for Maggie, which her mother opened. It contained two linen suits, for travelling, one a little larger than the other; extremely neat and pretty. Tears that were not of pleasure came into Mrs. Candlish's eyes; but Maggie and Esther were in ecstatics.

"O mamma! O Maggie!" exclaimed the latter. "Now we shall look like somebody."

"My children always will," observed the mother. "It is not necessary they should be obliged to strangers for it, either."

"But Meredith is not a stranger, mamma," said Maggie. "And you know, mamma, we had really nothing fit to go in the cars. I guess we can do now, for Betsey has done up all our dresses. There's a good many of them, and plenty of white ruffles."

"I think it is rather impertinent of young Franklin to send these. He had no business to presume that you had nothing to travel in."

"O but he knew, for he heard me saying so," broke out Esther. "And we couldn't have travelling dresses, mamma, because we never travel."

"Well, take them away!" said Mrs. Candlish. "I suppose I cannot send them back; but I never thought to submit to this sort of thing. Take them away, Esther."

Tuesday morning arrived, and they all met at the station; Bolivar looking not a little conscious, and a little doubtful of what they wanted to do with him. He saw, however, that nothing but the veriest spirit of glee and adventure filled the whole party; nobody was thinking of doing anything with him: only little Maggie, whom he had injured, came up to him with a bright face and put out her hand and told him she was very glad he was going; Mr. Murray gave him a kind word, and Bolivar felt like pinching himself to see whether he was he. There was not much time for such doubts. The whistle sounded, the train drew up, they all bustled in, and with another shriek and puff of the engine, they were off. Fairly off, on their way! and Maggie and Esther looked as brimful of delight as it was possible for two creatures to be.

In the confusion of taking seats and the necessity of taking them where they could be had, it happened that Maggie occupied the end of a seat shared by some stranger, and that Bolivar found his place just before her. When the train was under full headway, and they had gone a mile or two, Bolivar turned half round to speak to Maggie. He knew his invitation had come from Maggie, for it was sent in a little note of her writing; and his mother denied all knowledge of it and professed herself as much astonished as anybody. Moreover, Mrs. Dexter had been at the pains to ask her sister whether she had told Maggie to do it; but Mrs. Candlish was the most surprised of all. So Bolivar knew that he owed his privilege somehow to Maggie. And while he felt a little ashamed of himself, he at the same time felt rather more sure of her, with the exception of Esther, than of anybody else belonging to the party. So now he turned round and spoke to her.

"Where are we going, sure enough, Madge?"

"O to Niagara!" said Maggie, with a half bound of delight in her chair.

- "Straight through to-day?"
- "O no. We are going to stop at Trenton first."
 - "Trenton Falls?"
 - " Yes."
- "Bully!" was Bolivar's comment. And he said no more.

Maggie saw that he was very much pleased. He was a bold-faced boy; would not have been ill-looking, but for the coarseness of expression that always comes from the open indulgence of self-will and the frequent presence of selfish passion in the face. Alas, that is quite enough to spoil any natural good looks; and Bolivar's neighbourhood could not be agreeable to the gentle little girl who was the cause of his being there. Maggie in the midst of her delight could not forget him; his head was there just in front of her; that was enough, without seeing his face. His very curly hair, to Maggie's fancy, stood wilfully up or flowed wilfully down; his two ears, as she looked at them, were witnesses to obstinacy and cruelty inside the head; his shoulders were truculent. She could not bear to look at him, and yet she could not help looking at him, as he sat immediately in front of her; and the longer she looked, the stronger in Maggie's mind grew the feeling of repugnance.

Now it happens, luckily or unluckily, that the thoughts of our minds are more or less painted in our faces. Maggie sat thinking about this; and so, when again Bolivar suddenly turned round to speak to her, he saw such an unmistakeable expression of dislike on Maggie's face that he turned back again as quick, without speaking. Maggie saw the movement only; she did not know what it meant.

When the ride to Jersey City was ended and the party were in the ferry boat, Maggie contrived to change her companionship, and framed herself in between Meredith and Mr. Murray. Bolivar noticed the movement, and with the help of the look he had seen interpreted it rightly. His face grew as dark as midnight. During the passage he kept himself away from everybody.

- "Your cousin don't seem very sociable," whispered Meredith.
- "I don't know," said Maggie. "He was pretty sociable in the cars. I did all I could to be sociable to him."

In New York a delay of some hours was necessary before they could take the right train for Albany. Maggie in the mean while had confided to her uncle her earnest desire for a journal book, together with the half dollar in her possession; and he went to make the purchase, while the young ones waited in the great saloon at the Station House. They had been to a neighbouring restaurant for lunch, and Bolivar had his pockets full of candy and nuts with which he was helping himself to get through the time. Watching his opportunity, he sidled up to Maggie and asked her under his breath, so that nobody else might hear,

"What did you ask me to come this fool's errand for?"

Maggie was greatly taken aback. This was not what she had expected.

- "What fool's errand, Bolivar?"
- "You know. Don't try to come the innocent over me."
- "Do you mean the journey? I thought you would like it," she said, after an instant's hesitation.
 - "But you don't."
 - "What?"
- "You don't like it. I mean, you don't like to have me along."
- "Why yes, I do," said Maggie. "I am very glad you are along."
- "You don't!" said Bolivar. "You are not! I know better. You'd be glad if I was back in Leeds this minute."
 - "Why Bolivar, what makes you say so?"
 - "I know!" said the boy significantly.
- "I saw your face in the cars."
 - "My face in the cars!" -

Maggie was confounded. Her cousin smiled a disagreeable smile.

"So I don't know what you got me here for," he went on. The tone was partly offended, but it was also partly aggrieved; as if there were some hurt feeling at work; and that troubled Maggie infinitely. It was a fact, that Bolivar was right in some of his conclusions; and what could she say?

- "I am very sorry—" she began blankly.
 "I didn't mean—"
 - "You didn't mean to have me see it?"
 - "No, indeed I didn't."

Bolivar smiled darkly and told her she had better take more care next time; and with that he turned off, and Maggie felt she had done no good by her words. Bolivar proceeded to make himself agreeable to the company generally.

- "Where do we stop to-night?" he asked.
- "At Albany," Meredith replied.
- "Albany is a stupid old place. There is nothing to see there."

"We don't want to see anything there, except our supper and our beds."

"That's enough for one night," said Esther.

- "Where do we stop to-morrow night?"
- "At Trenton Falls."
- "What is to be seen there?"
- "Beautiful waterfalls, Bolivar," said Maggie, very eager to get into her cousin's good graces again.
 - "What's a waterfall!"
- "Why, it is water tumbling over rocks," said Esther laughing at him.
- "Then I could make a waterfall for you any day at home," said Bolivar. "You only want a pump and a pile of stones."

But this amused Maggie's fancy so much that the boy's countenance relented.

- "But Bolivar, that wouldn't be a beautiful waterfall," she remarked.
 - "How do you know these will be?"
- "Everybody says so. You know they must be."

"Well, what makes one fall of water more beautiful than another?"

They laughed at him again. But none of them could answer.

- "It's all gammon," said young Dexter. "It's a contrivance of the hotel-keepers to make money."
 - "The waterfalls?" said Meredith.
- "No. The notion that there is anything in them."
- "Well, we shall see for ourselves," remarked Meredith.
- "No, you won't. Every one of you will cry 'Beautiful!' just because other people do, and you know you must. Nobody sees for himself."
 - "What will you do?" said Meredith.
- "I shall take a horse and chaise and go driving into the country."

Bolivar was plainly out of tune, so they let him alone. Maggie amused herself with watching the comers and goers in the Station; between whiles thinking about Bolivar, which was not amusing; till she saw Mr. Murray come in. He had a small brown parcel in his hand; it was certainly her book; and Maggie gleefully ran to meet him. He had found the nicest possible little journal book for her; but I do not think Maggie's half dollar paid for it.

"Now Maggie," said her uncle taking her into his arms as she stood with the book in her hand, "what are you going to put in it?"

- "O, everything, uncle Eden."
- "You cannot do that."
- "Why not?"
- "One little book will not hold everything."
- "Well—I want to put down the places where we go,—and the things I see,—and what I think about them."
- "Very good," said Mr. Murray smiling; "that is all very well. There is one other thing, which it might be very useful for you to put down."

- "What, uncle Eden?"
- "Your mistakes."
- "My mistakes?" repeated Maggie.
- "Don't you make mistakes occasionally?"
- "O yes, uncle Eden!"
- "Of various kinds?"
- "O yes, uncle Eden."
- "Put them down."
- "Do you mean that you want to talk to me about them afterwards?"
- "Not unless you like. I cannot see the record, you know, unless by your choice."
- "Uncle Eden," said Maggie, looking very thoughtful, "I am afraid I have made one mistake to-day."
- "Write it down in your book; and afterwards find out how it can be mended."
- "I don't know!" said Maggie shaking her head. "I shall have to come to you to tell me that. What are those men standing by the doors for?"
- "To unlock them when the signal is given. Then we shall go to take our places in the cars."

"Why not let us go whenever we are ready?"

"Make confusion. Trains are all the while arriving and setting off; when a train is ready to go, the passengers are allowed to enter it; if they went before, they might get into the wrong one. There go the locks! now we may go, Maggie."

A long Saratoga train. The party got good seats, all together. There was a little time yet before starting, while the train stood still in the Station House. The children looked on amused at the bustle of fresh comers, and the filling up of the car, and the strange variety of human beings that were clustered together around them. Just across the car, opposite Maggie, were two children who drew persistently her attention. A little girl, not far from her own age, was dressed in a way to fascinate all eyes. A robe of white piqué, very richly embroidered; over that a black silk blouse; the daintiest high boots; and a little white muslin hat,

which in its purity and lightness and graceful becomingness completed a very tasteful costume. Maggie had felt herself excessively nice in her new brown linen dress and straw flat; but this was something different. This was how she herself used to be decked out in the old time.

- "Uncle Eden," she said suddenly, "shall we go past Mosswood?"
 - "Yes. In about an hour and a half."
- "Then I'll shew you, Bolivar, where we used to live."

And now the bell struck its one warning note, the whistle blew, and the wheels of the cars began slowly to revolve. Maggie was nearly as happy as she could be. If only one or two things had been different! Still, she was very happy. What fun, to write down her mistakes! and to keep a record of all she saw and did; a record that would remain for after reading, when the occasion should be over. Now the cars were putting on speed; houses and streets and

suburbs getting past them - or they past the houses - with faster and faster haste; then the streets of Haarlem, then the open country of the island, under Highbridge, and along by Spuytendeyvil Creek. Midday of a warm July time; the cars were hot and would be hotter; the meadows shimmered in sunny haze. Then came the Hudson in sight; the train swept round the bend, and sped on its way up to Yonkers. Maggie's eyes were utterly engrossed now. Laying both hands on the open window sill, she gazed uninterruptedly at the things she had not seen for so long and that used to be so familiar. The broad, bright, glittering river; how homely it looked to Maggie's affections; the same river that curled round the points of Mosswood; her river, she thought it. Over against her was the long line of the Palisades, which she had seen so many a time, going and coming with her father and mother. Sloops and schooners were sailing up and down with a very slack wind; here and there a small steamer plying diligently between New York and some near point; how wonted, how pleasant, how unchanged, it all was. Only, the Candlishes were no longer at Mosswood, and the beautiful river was Maggie's river no more. Between pleasure and pain, the little girl's heart was quite She heard nothing and saw nothing of all that other people were doing inside the car; all her soul was busy at her eyes. Why were the Candlishes not at Mosswood still? What a miserable place was Leeds, and even Meadow Park, in comparison with the fairy region above on the river which they were coming to so fast. Maggie longed and dreaded to see the first mountain heads standing at the entrance of the Highlands. She was glad they were a good way off yet.

Now they came to Yonkers; how natural the sound was, and the place too. But Maggie did not want to be stopping, and was glad when the cars moved on again. People said they were hot. How could anybody feel hot with that river in view, rolling its soft waves to-day gently, floating a boat here and there, and carrying the sails along on its bosom. O to have the river for her friend and companion again! All the drives over the Leeds roads were not to be compared with the plash of its waters upon the rocks of Mosswood and the roll of its great stream, and the glitter of sunbeams and moonbeams upon its surface. It seemed like a living entity to Maggie; great, generous, free; comforting, friendly, and hospitable. By and by the river broadened out into a small inland sea, and the cars passed under the white loophole slitted walls of Sing Sing prison.

"Uncle Eden," said Maggie turning round for a moment, "is that man here? — you know, that man we saw in the Station once —"

"And I have heard, Maggie, that your little word of love has been the means of leading him to become a Christian."

Maggie's cheeks coloured with pleasure; and for some time she was busily thinking. When the train was again pausing at Crugers, and there was a moment's lull in the roar of wheels, she turned to her uncle.

"Uncle Eden, do you think, it was because it was a word of *love*, as you say, that it did that?"

Mr. Murray's thoughts had gone off on another track; but when he knew what Maggie was talking about he answered her, "Certainly;" and that "Love does all the best work that is done in the world."

Maggie turned her face to the window again, and moved not. And by and by she could see, looking on up the river, the heads of highland that stand at the entrance to the Race, seeming to close the shores up at that point. The train swept on to Peekskill, and after the usual ten minutes' pause there, rushed on its way along the base of the hills. How lovely it looked! although the heat of a July afternoon was brooding sul-

trily over the waters. The hills were deep green, and the river rolled its waves gently along; and as the road turned sharp round Anthony's nose, more and more that was new and old came into view constantly. Through the tunnel, - and now the upper reaches of the Highlands were in sight, and Mosswood was near. Maggie strained her eyes to catch the sight of it as soon as possible; and before the cars got to Garrisons she was sure she could distinguish the long low-lying point of green that seemed to throw itself clean across the river. Through another tunnel, - and there it was, plain enough. There was the little boathouse, beckoning to her, as it were, across the water; there were the chimneys of the house above the trees; there was West Point on the other side, and the Crow's nest brow rising beyond. Maggie looked, with her heart almost sore, and yet full of a strange delight. It was home; she felt as if no other place had any title to the name. She quite forgot that she wanted to shew it to Meredith, and had promised to shew it to Bolivar; she strained her eyes to see everything before she should have flown past it; and alas, the seconds were few before the cars had swept by and left it all behind. The bay beyond was another familiar scene, and the village at which the train stopped was an old, old acquaintance.

"Esther," said she aloud, "it is Cold-spring."

"I know it," said Esther under her breath; "the brakeman just called it out. You needn't."

"Did you see Mosswood?"

"Do hush," said Esther. "Of course I saw it."

"Uncle Eden," said Maggie, softly now, having come to her recollection, "do you think we shall ever live at Mosswood again?"

"I cannot tell, my pet."

[&]quot;I wish we could!"

- "It is best not to wish about it."
- "Why not, uncle Eden?"
- "Don't you remember? It is best to let our Lord choose our ways for us, and to like his will best."
- "But Mosswood is worth ten thousand, of Leeds!"
- "Well?" said Mr. Murray smiling. "But not for you, Maggie."
 - "Why not?"
- "If it had been, you would not have been transplanted to Leeds."
- "I don't believe I'll ever grow properly there," said Maggie meditatively.
- Mr. Murray smiled. "Then it will be your own fault, and disappoint the good Husbandman, who puts his plants just where it is best for them to be."
 - "And I ought to be willing, uncle Eden?"
- "I thought we had settled that point, a long while ago."
- "Uncle Eden," said Maggie very seriously, just as the cars began to roll again, "it seems

as if points — of that sort — wouldn't stay settled!"

"What shall we do then?"

Maggie thought, and could not find the answer.

CHAPTER VIII.

The train after a little while came to Poughkeepsie, and made the usual stoppage to let people get lunch; our party having attended already to that business in New York, kept their seats, while others went out. Presently Maggie slipped from her place and went over to her cousin.

- "How are you getting along, Bolivar?"
- "Confoundedly!"
- "What's the matter?"
- "Matter? in this oven of a place, and with dust so thick you can eat it?"
- "It is dusty," said Maggie. "But then, in dry weather, I suppose that can't be helped."
- "It is always dry weather where you are!"
 - "What do you mean?"

"I mean you. You are the driest concern, for eleven years old, that I ever saw."

"Well, I didn't make the dust," remarked Maggie.

"Not this kind. You can kick up enough of your own."

It was on Maggie's lips to retort that Bolivar was very disagreeable; she commanded herself just in time. Besides, she could not afford to lose the view of the people coming and going; they were such a variety! She went back to her seat. Presently she saw Bolivar going into the eating room; and then he came out again wiping his lips.

"He has been drinking!" said Maggie, half to herself, half to her uncle; and she thought again, what a very disagreeable boy young Dexter was. Also, she reflected that her expedient of asking him to join their travelling party was likely to turn out of doubtful value; and she gave Bolivar a good deal of blame on that score; when suddenly an odd little sting was felt in Maggie's con-

science. What was that her uncle had said did all the best work of the world? How much love had she expended upon Bolivar? But then, how could she give him love? a boy who made himself in all his ways and doings so exceedingly distasteful to her? Maggie studied ethics and forgot natural scenery for many a mile.

The scenery indeed was less remarkable for some distance above Poughkeepsie. Just the broad noble river and its green, cultivated and wooded banks, no longer rising into lovely mountain heads, but comparatively low and commonplace. Till at last her uncle said, "Do you see there, Maggie?"—and she started from her musings to find the blue cloudy Catskill looking down upon her from a wide bit of the horizon line. Maggie had not seen them since she was at Willow Brook.

[&]quot;Bolivar," said she leaning over, "there are the Catskill mountains."

[&]quot;We aren't going there," was the answer.

- "No, but we're getting near Albany now."
- "No, we aren't; there's forty or fifty miles yet."

"Well, I'm glad!" said little Maggie. For she did not mind the heat of the cars as the others did; she was brimful of delight that she and the rest should be going to visit Trenton Falls and Niagara; and she took everything that came by the way as additional drops to her cup of happiness. Mr. Murray and Meredith smiled to see her. Esther for her part declared herself too hot to think; and Flora was deep in a book and took no heed of mountains or anything else.

Albany was reached at last, still by full daylight, and the party were glad to get out of the cars and go to their hotel. The heat was unabated. I think it seemed worse in the confined air of the house than it had done under the blazing sun along by the river. However, it was a refreshment to get rid of dust; and then, while they were waiting for supper, Maggie opened her journal

book and took out her pen and ink. This was one of the most delightful parts of the whole business. Full of importance, and mystery, and excitement, she opened her book and spread the first white page smoothly open. Now, how was she to begin? Mr. Murray had counselled her to put down her mistakes; but she did not want to begin with them. She would write the date at any rate; she was sure of that.

And Maggie wrote the date; and pondered. It was more difficult to keep a journal than she had thought. When her pen got going, however, it went busily. This is her first entry in her new book.

"ALBANY, July 14, 1870.

"I am going to keep a Journal. And I thought I would begin the journal with this journey, because it would be so pleasant to remember it by. We came up in the cars today from New York, and we passed Mosswood. It made me feel queer, and I am almost

afraid I felt a little too queer. Uncle Eden says I had better write down all my mistakes. It won't be very pleasant to do that, but he thinks it will be useful. I am afraid I made one mistake there, when we were passing Mosswood and I saw smoke going out of the chimneys and recollected that it was not our smoke. I think I was unwilling that anybody else should make a fire in those chimneys; and I wished we were back there again. I almost cried about it. And I don't think — There is the supper bell, and I must leave off."—

Maggie had no time that night for any further entries. After supper, and a little walk they took to get some fresh air, which they could not get, the girls found themselves very tired and were glad to go to bed. But the night was a night of unrest. Not a breath of air came in at their window; they were all three packed into a rather small room; and the heat was stifling. After toss-

ing about and making herself hot by way of trying to get cool, Maggie fell asleep to be sure; but when she woke the next morning she jumped up immediately, resolving that she would lose no time in getting out of that room. It was very early still, and after dressing she took the basket which held her precious possessions and with some trouble found her way to the saloon. That was close and hot too, but better than upstairs. Maggie got as near to an open window as she could; made herself comfortable; and being quite alone took out her journal book again, and soon forgot the weather.

"July 15. I think it is quite delightful to write in my journal. It is early in the morning, and we are in the Albany hotel yet, which I think is not a pleasant place. However, we are not going to stay, so that is no matter. I had better put down the rest of the mistakes I made yesterday; because I may make more to-day that I shall have to write to-night; and that would be incon-

venient. I wonder if people can't help making mistakes? For my mistakes are wrong things. The first one vesterday must have been in the cars coming from Leeds. Bolivar and I were sitting close together and talking, and somehow, my face must have shewed something of what I was feeling; for he said it looked disagreeable at him. That is not what he said, but it is the meaning of what he said. I forget what he said. I know I was thinking, part of the time, that he was an extremely unpleasant boy; I didn't mean him to see it, but I suppose he did. Was that a mistake? How could I help thinking so? and if I was thinking so, could I keep my face quite, I wonder? It seems I did not, and it did mischief, for Bolivar was displeased, and I think a little hurt; so it must have been a mistake, for it did harm; but what was my mistake? How could I help thinking Bolivar was disagreeable? For he is.

"I am afraid I made another mistake yet.

Or a fault. But then, I suppose, every fault is in one way a mistake. I saw in the car, opposite to me, a beautifully dressed little girl. Beautifully; she was dressed as I used to be once; and it made me feel bad. I don't quite know why. Esther and I are very nice in the linen dresses Meredith gave us; and I had enjoyed them very much, until I saw this other dress. I must talk to uncle Eden about it. Now we are going to Trenton Falls to-day; and I am so happy I do not know what to do with myself."

Breakfast came just as Maggie finished this last sentence. At breakfast she was a little dismayed to learn that they were not to take the cars until after one o'clock.

- "What do we wait for?" asked Esther.
- "A fast train."
- "We might as well be in the cars as at Albany."
- "Not quite, for I have one or two friends here that I want to see."
- "What shall we do, uncle Eden, while you are gone?"

"I don't know. I must leave you to settle that question."

It was a difficult question to settle. To do nothing seemed the obvious necessity. Meredith and Bolivar went out to walk together. Esther and Maggie repaired to the windows of the saloon looking out upon a busy place of cars coming and going, where there was an endless shifting activity of human beings between the cars and the hotel. They watched new comers, and people going to take a train again; they criticised dresses and appearance, and speculated upon the standing and character of the different figures they saw. I am afraid it was not a very elevated amusement on the whole.

- "I don't see how so many people can find so much business," remarked Esther.
- "Everybody has his own, I suppose," returned Maggie.
- "No, they haven't. You and I have nothing to do; and Flora hasn't anything."
- "What haven't I?" asked Flora, from the sofa and the depths of her novel.

- "You haven't got any business."
- "Haven't I, though! What makes you think it?"
 - "You are not doing anything."
- "I have got a letter that I ought to write; if I could get away from this book."
- "Perhaps there is something we ought to do, too," said Maggie.
- "There isn't," returned Esther. "We are here just to enjoy ourselves; that's all we've got to do; and I am doing it, as well as I can."
- "Essie," said Maggie after a few minutes, "papa and mamma would like it, if you were to write a letter to them."
 - "I have got nothing to say."
- "Why you could tell them about our journey, and about our being here."
- "Our journey was just, rumble, rumble; and our being here is nothing but dust and heat. I have nothing to tell that they want to hear. I sha'n't write till we get to Trenton Falls."

Maggie's conscience whispered that she might write a little letter, which would be very welcome at Leeds. Maggie represented to her conscience that she had written a good deal that morning already and she was tired of writing. Conscience whispered that she had had time to get rested. Maggie rejoined that she did not want to write a letter just then; she was in Albany for pleasure, as Esther had said; and if anybody wrote, it was Esther's place to do it. But conscience held up so prominently the pleasure her father and mother would receive from a letter, that Maggie could not rest; and she promised her conscience that she would do it presently; after she had looked from the window a little while longer. However, the comfort of her amusement was spoiled, for that prick in her heart which urged her to go to her letter would not hold off; and still Maggie waited and delayed. A new train had just come in; people were pouring out from the cars; she must wait and see them. Then a fight arose in the street between two men; and Maggie forgot everything else in the world. And at last Meredith and Bolivar came in. They announced that it was fearfully hot in the streets.

"We shall catch it, this afternoon," remarked young Dexter. "Travelling in hot weather is a bore anyhow."

"What is it in cold weather?" asked Meredith.

"Jolly."

"You never tried," said Flora. "You have travelled only in hot countries."

"It isn't hot in the Pyrennees," said Bolivar. And then, led on by a question or two, he told things that he and his sister had done and seen during their stay abroad, which amused them all; and Maggie especially. She forgot her letter.

It was certainly very warm in the cars when the party entered them after one o'clock. Nevertheless, Maggie was delighted to be out of that hotel and moving on again. Everything was new and strange to her eyes to-day, and so far it was interesting; but she missed the river. And it grew very hot, and it was very dusty; and at last even she became tired, and was quite glad when, near five o'clock, they left the train at Utica. Rather the train left them; they saw it sweeping off in the distance, rapidly nearing the vanishing point; and found themselves standing, dazed and dinned, in a broad open place of the town, beside an immense pile of baggage. To get their own sorted out from this heap and re-checked for Trenton Falls, was the hasty concern of the minute; for the little train of two cars which was to take them forward, stood ready a few steps off, puffing and panting. But in five minutes another train from Albany rushed up, landing a fresh company of travellers and another great pile of baggage.

"That train has been on the way ever

since a quarter past ten," said Bolivar.
"Now come and let's be off, since we're all here."

In a few minutes they were on their way again; the children rather tired, and sighing for the end of the journey and a respite from car rumbling.

"Flora," said Maggie, "have you ever been to Trenton Falls?"

" No."

"What do you expect?"

"I expect fairyland, of course," said Flora.

"But I want to see water in my pitcher first, before I can enjoy it anywhere else. I am all dust, from my head to my feet."

"So am I," said Maggie.

The hotel did not look much like fairyland, when at last they got to it, after a drive of some length in a stage coach. No sign of water here, outside of the house; a big white house embowered in trees, with a withered bit of croquet ground in front. The hotel was pretty full; however the three

girls were accommodated with two little rooms close alongside of one another and looking over the roof of the verandah into the croquet ground. The boys had another little room together, and Mr. Murray a fourth. There was time but for a hasty washing and dressing before the gong sounded for tea.

Maggie was very hungry and excessively happy. Everything now was a new delight to her; even the huge bare eating hall with its long lines of tables and its crowd of guests. There was a remarkable little girl opposite our party, dressed in blue with a quantity of lace, who in spite of Maggie's hunger attracted her eyes irresistibly. This child took on her the airs of a grown woman, and ordered the waiter who served her in a style it was instructive to see; eat her supper also, from various dishes, in a style that Maggie would have previously thought to be impossible.

Supper ended, the boys started off. "We

are going down to the water, sir," said Meredith.

"O can't we go too?" cried Maggie.

"Not far, and you shall go with me," said her uncle. "Not without me, anywhere here, you and Esther."

So the three girls got their hats and set off with Mr. Murray. The day was just at its end; nevertheless it was still sultrily hot and close; and the trees stood with their dusty leaves motionless. At a short distance from the house the party came to the top of a long descending flight of steps, going down a thickly wooded bank.

"Down here?" said Maggie. "It is very dusty! Where does this go, uncle Eden?"

"Don't you see? down to the bottom."

"Yes, but what's at the bottom?"

"You'll see, when you get there."

It took a long time to get there, Maggie thought; and her feet were almost tired with stepping down so many steps. But no sooner at the bottom, she cried out with delight. They were in a deep narrow gorge, the bed of which was filled with a dark swift rushing water. Nearly filled; there was a little shelving shingly edge on the side where they stood, over which they could walk, following up the gorge. Both sides of the ravine hung thick with trees.

With eager steps the young ones picked their way along the border of the brook. There was a fascination about the water, it was so rushing and intense in its action.

- "Is it deep, uncle Eden?" Maggie asked.
- "In spots."
- "Is it dangerous?"
- "There is no getting out, for anybody who gets in."
 - "Did anybody ever get in?"
- "Several people, at different times. Higher up the brook the path grows very narrow; and in rainy seasons the brook is much fuller; and then people had need to be careful. You must be careful, as it is."

He took Maggie's hand and helped her along over the shingly beach. They could not go very far that evening; but they came to a spot from which they could see, some distance above, a most lovely glimpse of part of a fall; an angle in the side of the ravine hid the other part. They all cried out for joy. Yes, this was fairyland. Fairy banks, fairy trees, witch-like water, evening light dying all over it; the fall beckoning in the distance.

"What a pity we can't go up to it!" said Maggie.

"We can. We will, to-morrow morning, I hope. That is what they call 'Sherman's fall."

"I thought it was Trenton Falls."

"It is; but there is a long succession of falls, as in its course the brook comes to ledge after ledge of its rocky bed; like great successive steps, at good distances from each other. And people have named the different falls, so as to distinguish them."

"I wish to-morrow morning was come," sighed Flora.

"You will have enough pleasant work to do to-night in sleeping and resting. Don't wish for to-morrow till its time is."

"But uncle Eden," said Maggie, "we can't get up to the fall. There is no path round that point."

"There is path enough. It is narrow; you don't see it from here."

"How pretty it is! O how pretty it is!" said Flora. "Such beautiful woods! I'never imagined it."

"I am very glad we came," said Maggie contentedly.

But the twilight was falling now, and they had to clamber up the long flight of steps again and go back to the hotel. It was so hot there that they all gathered on the verandah. Not that there was a breath of freshness to be had anywhere; but the air in their bedrooms was yet more unbearably close. Maggie was hot, however she was

happy and didn't mind it. She got near to her uncle, and when the others were occupied at a little distance, found a chance to talk to him.

- "Uncle Eden, I have begun my journal."
- "Well, how do you like it?"
- "I like it very much," said Maggie thoughtfully; "all except my mistakes."
 - "Your mistakes?"
- "Yes. You said I had better put down all the mistakes I made. Uncle Eden—" Maggie hesitated,—"I didn't know I made so many."
 - "Then you are getting useful knowledge."
- "Yes, but I am puzzled about them, uncle Eden."
- "Are you? Couldn't you and I have a talk about your puzzles?"
- "O yes! I have been wanting it ever so much, and about other things too. But—they would hear us."
- "Yes, now is not a good time. Suppose you sleep upon it; and to-morrow when we

go after the brook, we will find some good place and sit down under the trees and have it out."

Maggie threw her arms round Mr. Murray's neck and gave him an energetic kiss; and then sought her rest with a quiet heart. Next morning, however, again before breakfast, there was another entry made in the journal.

"Thursday, July 16. Trenton Falls.

"This is a very nice time to write. Everybody is asleep. I got through my sleep, and thought it was no use to stay in bed any longer, so I got up. It is very warm and close this morning, though I am sitting as close to the window as I can get. This is not a very beautiful place when you are in the hotel. The leaves of the trees and bushes are all dusty, and you can see nothing else, much; only the stage coaches that come and go. We came here yesterday. It was a long ride from Albany, and then another ride to the Trenton Falls station, and

then a ride in a stage coach. But the ravine and the brook are as lovely as possible, and I am very glad we are here. Of course I haven't much to say about the place yet, for I have hardly seen it.

"I am afraid I made another mistake yesterday. I don't remember but one; but that was a pretty big one. I was looking out of the hotel window at Albany and amusing myself with looking at the people, and it came into my head that perhaps I ought to write a letter to papa and mamma. I thought it was Esther's business, but Esther would not do it, so I thought perhaps I ought. But though I knew I ought, I did not do it. I meant to do it, and I waited, for I wanted to see one thing after another, until it was too late. I just waited, that was all; but I did not write my letter."

Maggie stopped here. She watched the stage go off with passengers for the train, and then called her sister to get up. She thought it was time they were all stirring.

And by the time they were ready, in truth, the gong sounded the call to breakfast.

After breakfast they all set out in high glee for the exploration of the brook. Mr. Murray gave Esther in charge of Meredith; he himself kept Maggie's hand. They went down the flight of steps and came to where they had stopped last night. The morning light made a difference and gave new beauties. Down in the dell the sun's rays could not come yet; the trees at the top of the bank were illuminated, and stray beams of light here and there touched up the rocks, glancing with a promise which was more lovely than the full performance would be by and by. Mr. Murray made them stop to look and take things slowly.

"What a wonderful place it is!" said Meredith.

"What makes it wonderful?" Bolivar asked somewhat scornfully.

"It's so beautiful," said Meredith.

"I don't see it," rejoined the other. "It

is just a brook tumbling along in a big hurry; and the bed of the stream happens to be full of steps. Of course the water runs over; what is there wonderful in that?"

"Why, I tell you; the beauty," said Meredith, while the others laughed.

"What's beauty?" said Bolivar.

"That is a very debated question," remarked Mr. Murray. "But do you think, Dexter, this is just like ordinary brooks?"
"No. sir."

"Look how charmingly the banks are wooded; then notice how very peculiar and picturesque is the rock formation and the shapes it takes; and how the bed of the ravine winds and curves, giving us new views at every turn, and bewitching half views, like this of Sherman's fall; and so also gives play to the light, shewing lovely and novel effects everywhere."

"Let us go up nearer to the fall, uncle Eden," said Maggie.

But as they went on now, the narrow

scaly path rose from the neighbourhood of the brook level and gradually mounted along the side of the ravine, till it overhung the water roaring down far below. The descent of the bed of the stream being here very swift, the fury and rush of the water was somewhat. appalling to Maggie's nerves; and the rock path was very narrow, and the rough side of the bank from it to the water very sheer and bare. Maggie trembled, and was glad to get to the inside edge of the path and hold fast by Mr. Murray's hand. When she had a chance to look ahead she saw Sherman's fall growing larger and coming more fully into view; but at this place she had not much leisure to look ahead. It was fairyland and danger, enchantment and fear, and I believe the fear helped the enchantment.

"Look out, Maggie," cried Bolivar behind her; "if you tumble over there, nobody will ever pick you up."

"Why didn't people make the path broader, uncle Eden?" said Maggie, resenting this speech, to which she made no answer.

"People did not make most of it, Maggie; it is a natural path."

Much to her comfort, the path descended and came again nearer the brook, as the bed of the latter rose higher; a point was turned, and the lovely fall was close before them full in view. Here the rock spread into a platform at the edge of the water, where they could all sit or stand and look their fill.

The brook was not very full, owing to the long dry weather. Over part of the wall of rock, like a sharp huge step in its bed, the water shed itself thinly and scatteringly, like a torn veil; pouring its greatest volume over a cleft in the wall. Above the fall the side of the ravine shelved sharply up, elegant evergreens growing wherever they could find foothold, and higher up making a dense green covering for the rock. Their delicate foliage and soft dark hues made a charming contrast with the very straight and regular lines of

the rock, and the utterly soft lines of the flowing and falling water.

- "Uncle Eden," said Maggie, "these are very queer rocks."
- "Different from what you are accustomed to."
 - "But they are queer," said Bolivar.
 - "In what respect?"

But Bolivar could not tell.

- "Then what do we mean by anything's being queer?" asked Flora.
- "It would be queer if you put on your bonnet wrong side before," answered her brother.
- "Uncle Eden, that would be a great fall if the brook were full," Maggie remarked.
- "A great fall, comparatively; roaring and raging. We could not sit where we are sitting now."
- "It roars and rages as it is," observed Meredith. "I never saw a small body of water make more of itself."
 - "I never dreamed of such a pretty place,"

said Flora. "I should like to be a nobleman and have it all in the grounds of my park."

"That is the most grasping speech I ever heard you make, Miss Flora," said Mr. Murray laughing at her. "Come, shall we go on?"

"But Mr. Murray, it is natural to wish to have what we enjoy, isn't it?"

"In the best sense I do have what I enjoy," said he.

"But it is another thing to have it and say it is your own?"

"It is another thing. How is it a better thing?"

"Why you can keep it."

"Keep the enjoyment of it, do you mean?"

"Yes. You would have it whenever you looked at it."

"I have it whenever I look at it now."

"Yes, yes, but then you would look at it oftener."

"Perhaps. The chance is, I should go off to look at something else."

"Well, I should like to own Trenton brook," said Flora.

"If you did, you would make a fortune by shewing it—as its present possessors do now," said Meredith.

Flora combated this proposition stoutly. Meanwhile, as the party crept along the path above Sherman's fall, a new unfolding of beauties was constantly delighting them. Now they came under a sloping roof of mossy rock which seemed to enclose them as in a cavern; while trees stood thick along the other side of the brook and the water raged and tumbled between. A fearsome little stream, there was so much will in it.

"That's the way with human character," said Mr. Murray. "Given only a very moderate amount of means or ability, if there is only will enough, it will make up for all wants and do the work of ten times, yes, a hundred times its own intrinsic force."

"Isn't that a splendid thought!" said Meredith.

"It is a splendid thing."

Going on, they stopped at last before a little point which hid the High fall from them. The dash and white whirl at its foot they could see; and on the other side a great rock wall sloped up steep from the water's edge, not clothed with hemlocks, but green with moss and ferns in the softest, richest, tender green, covering the rock like velvet, and kept in constant freshness by the ever ascending spray from the foot of the fall. The boys and the two older girls rushed on to get the full view of what made that cloud of white spray; Mr. Murray however stood still, and Maggie held his hand fast.

"What are you stopping for, uncle Eden?"

"Look at the green of the ferns that cover that rock slope, Maggie."

"Uncle Eden, were there ever such things as fairies?"

- "I am afraid not."
- "I like fairy stories," said Maggie sedately. If there were fairies, I should think they would be all about here."
 - " Why?
- "O they would run up and down among those ferns, and dance in the spray."
- "In old times, people believed there were spirits in all the lower forms of nature; brooks, and trees, and rocks, and winds; and they feared and worshipped these unknown spirits. You may be glad there is only one God, little Maggie, and that he is a God of love. Fairies and water sprites would be dreaded if they existed."
 - " Why?"
- "Trenton brook, for instance, has swallowed up several lives. There is no getting out, if one once gets in."
 - "Because it is so deep?"
- "It is deep here and there; but its furious current makes it so dangerous."
- "But uncle Eden," said Maggie thoughtfully, "God lets these things happen?"

"And yet he loves us? Yes, my pet. They happen only because this is a world of sin, and sin has brought death and pain. But 'there shall no evil happen to the just.' God will not let any real harm come to his own. You may be sure of that. He has promised."

"It looks as if it was alive," observed Maggie, surveying the swirl of the dark waters at her feet. "And angry."

"Come a little further, round this point, and let us see how it looks there."

After admiring the High fall, as it is called, from the brook level below, the party mounted the bank by degrees and from above looked down at the dash of the waters; finally, heated and tired and happy, came to the little summer house. There Mr. Murray and Meredith supplied the whole party with huge glasses of lemonade, which seemed to Maggie the best she had ever tasted in her life.

"It is so good through a straw!" she said admiringly.

- "Everything is best taken moderately," said Mr. Murray smiling.
- "And Trenton brook is the very prettiest place I ever saw" Maggie went on;—
 "except Mosswood."
- "Mosswood!" said Bolivar; and his tone had something very like a sneer. "What have you got there to shew?"
- "We are not there now," said Maggie, divided between displeasure and delight as she slowly sipped her lemonade. "When we were there, we had something to shew."
 - "It looked like a dull spot."
- "Dull!" cried Maggie. "But I don't suppose you ever saw such a place as Mosswood was, Bolivar. Nobody had anything like it, nobody!"
 - "A good place for children, I dare say."
 - "What have you got in your lemonade?"
 - " Ice."
- "It is not the colour of mine, nor of Flora's; and ice wouldn't make it darker."
 - "It is none of your business, anyhow."

"But you ought not to put anything in it," said Maggie; "you know you ought not, Bolivar. It is not respectable."

"I'll look out for my own respectability," said Bolivar scornfully; "and you had better look out for your manners. I guess you packed 'em up in your box, didn't you? and forgot to take 'em out since you left home? They'll be the worse for being packed up so long."

Maggie's last draughts of lemonade were flavoured with bitter by these words. Indeed a cloud came over the whole Trenton brook, sunnily bright as it was, leaping and flashing and foaming along, with light spray and light laughter. It had suddenly grown darker. She was glad, when the rest of the party were setting out upon their further walk, that Mr. Murray declared it would be too much for her, and that he and Maggie would wait at the Dam till they got back, or else be found at the Hotel. That suited her. So the others set forward with fresh vigour; and





she and Mr. Murray sauntered along the rocky border of the brook above the High fall as far as the next cataract, which was called the Dam. Indeed it might almost have been built for a mill-dam, it was so level and straight and uniform. By the side of it, close to the falling amber water, they found comfortable shady seats.

CHAPTER IX.

It was wonderfully pretty. The sun was high in the heavens now, so that the opposite banks were in vivid sun-lit green; the water shone and sparkled, singing its sweet tune as it danced over the rocks; further down, the trees on both sides, in shadow and sunshine, carried the softening green hues delicately fainter and softer till the banks closed in. But where Maggie and her uncle sat it was all sweet shadow, and sweet rippling and dashing water, and besides sweet stillness. They sat silent for a little while, till Maggie drew a sigh, and Mr. Murray asked what was the matter?

"Uncle Eden, I am afraid I made a great mistake in asking Bolivar Dexter to come along with us."

[&]quot;Indeed? Why do you think so?"

"He makes himself very disagreeable. I think he needn't,—seeing that I invited him."

"What was your motive in inviting him?"
Maggie paused. When she spoke, it was slowly.

"Well, uncle Eden, I thought — you know I almost hated him then, and I wanted to get over it."

"How did you expect to get over it?"

"I thought it would help, if I did him some kindness."

"And you do not find the plan work?"

"I thought I did feel better — but I don't now, — much."

"What do you suppose is the reason? There must be a reason, you know."

Maggie was not at all ready with her answer, and Mr. Murray had to wait some time. He waited, however, and did not give her any help.

"He grows more and more disagreeable"
—she said at last.

"What can be the reason of that?"

"It is very difficult to tell the reasons of things, uncle Eden."

"Often. But at the same time very useful. How are you going to mend matters, till you know what there is to mend?"

"Uncle Eden," Maggie burst out, "you know I was going to tell you about my mistakes. The first one was on the way from Leeds to New York—in the cars; and that was the beginning of the trouble; and yet I don't see how I could have helped it. Bolivar saw me looking as if I didn't like him. We sat close together, you know; he was in front of me; and he turned round all of a sudden and saw my face."

"And what was in your face?"

"That, I suppose. He said so afterwards."

"Were you feeling that you did not like him?"

"Yes - " said Maggie, rather low.

"And what was the purpose with which you said you brought your cousin along?"

- "But uncle Eden!" cried Maggie impetuously, "how could I help it?"
 - "Help what?"
- "Help feeling that he was disagreeable? He was, very; even when he was doing nothing, he was disagreeable."
- "Yet if Bolivar perceived that feeling, you must see it would negative any kindness you might shew him."
- "Yes," said Maggie reflectively, "of course."
- "He would take it for what it is; duty work."
 - "Isn't duty work right?"
- "It is not pleasant, when it takes the place of love."
- "Love! Uncle Eden, it is impossible to love such a boy as that. Don't you know what he did? And he puts spirits of some sort into his lemonade. He did to-day."
 - "Then it is a pity he came."
 - "Why, uncle Eden?"
 - "If you are unable to do him any good."

- "Can't I do him good without loving him?" inquired Maggie very dolefully.
 - "I am afraid not."
 - "It is quite impossible to love him."
- "Then suppose we go on to your second mistake. If the first is past cure."
- "Is it past cure?" said Maggie, feeling very uncomfortable.
 - "I know no cure but one."
 - "That is -?"
 - "To love the boy first."
- "How can I, uncle Eden? The very curls of his hair are disagreeable!"
- "Poor Maggie! What was your second mistake?"
 - "Uncle Eden, what can I do?"
- "Tell me your next mistake. Perhaps we may consider them all together."
- "Uncle Eden, I am ashamed to tell you. But if I don't, you can't help me. Did you see, when we got into the cars at New York the day before yesterday, did you see a little girl that was sitting just opposite us?"

- "I don't recollect. What about her?"
- "She had on a black silk blouse and a white dress, ruffled; she was very nicely dressed; beautifully."
 - "What about it?"
- "Uncle Eden, we used to be dressed so; and it somehow made me feel disagreeably."
- "What was it that affected you in that manner?"
 - "That little girl's dress, I told you."
- "But I do not see the point yet. How should her dress trouble you?"
- "Because we used to be dressed so, uncle Eden."
 - "What then?"
- "I suppose I was sorry. O I know Esther and I are very nice, very nice indeed, in our linen dresses; but they are not like that."

Mr. Murray sighed.

- "Maggie, my child, you knew all this before you met that little girl."
- "Yes, uncle Eden. I didn't think of it so much."

"No. What is this feeling that took possession of you when you met her?"

"I don't know. Discontent, I suppose."

"And a little bit of something else?"

"What, uncle Eden?"

"What do we call it, when the sight of another's good things gives us pain?"

"It was only a little pain."

"Then shall we call it only a little—envy?"

"Envy, uncle Eden!"

"It looks very like it."

"OI couldn't have been envious of her, uncle Eden!"

"Why not?"

"Why uncle Eden — I thought — didn't you think? — I thought — I loved Jesus."

Poor Maggie's eyes filled, her throat was choked, her face reddened, her lips quivered. Mr. Murray drew her tenderly into his arms.

"My pet, I do think it. I do not doubt it. But you are finding out now that your little heart is a divided kingdom." Maggie could not discuss things at this minute; the swellings of her breast left her no breath to talk. Tears came instead, bitter, hot, tumultuous; tears of sorrow and penitence and mortification, well-nigh of despair. She sobbed in her uncle's arms, sobbed as if she would break her heart; and for a good while there could be no more conversation; Maggie was trying to get quiet, and her uncle trying to soothe her. The causes of grief lay deep, and not easily accessible to comfort.

"Uncle Eden, what shall I do!" came forth articulately at last, when Maggie had mastered her sobs.

"It is written, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' A sure promise, that cannot be broken."

- "But I have asked, uncle Eden."
- "Do you expect to have done asking, in this world? What have you asked for?"
 - "I asked for help "

- "And you received help."
- "But I am all wrong," said poor Maggie.
- "That is the first step towards being all right, when one knows that fact. What is the next petition that we have not talked about in the Lord's prayer?"
- "' Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us."
 - "Have you forgiven Bolivar?"
 - "Yes, I think so."
 - "As you wish God to forgive you?"

Maggie looked up searchingly in her uncle's face.

- "If you had offended me, how would you wish me to forgive you?"
- "Oh uncle Eden, I should want you to forget all about it, and love me just as well as before."
 - "Well. Apply that."
 - "But how can I love Bolivar?"
 - "That is the problem you have to solve."
 - "He does not love me."
 - "'If ye love them which love you, what

thank have ye? do not even the publicans so?""

- "Can I love a disagreeable, cruel, bad boy, like that? There is nothing in him to love."
- "'God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'"

Maggie's eyes filled. "But uncle Eden, he is God; he is good."

- "God's children are like him. 'He that loveth not, hath not known God; for God is love.'"
- "Then haven't I known him?" said Maggie, the tears dripping over.
- "You have begun, but you don't know the Lord much. Take comfort, my pet; he who loved us when we were in our sins, will certainly not forsake those who have left their sins and come to him."
 - "But I haven't left my sins —"
- "You will leave them. You are turning your face from them, and to Jesus, is it not so?"

- "Can I leave them?"
- "What is the last petition in the Lord's prayer? 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' The Lord don't bid us pray for what he will not give, Maggie."
 - "What is temptation?"
- "Let us leave that question to another time. We have talked enough for once. Dry your tears, and look at that falling water."
- "Uncle Eden, every here and there it is a sort of bright, brown colour."
 - "Amber."
 - "Yes. What makes it so?"
- "Maggie, I do not know. When you get to Niagara, you will find the water green."
- "Green! And don't you know what makes it so?"
 - "No. Nobody knows."
- "Perhaps it is something growing in it; you know how at Mosswood the flats in the bay would look green sometimes; and it was the water weeds."

"But at Niagara it is greenest where it is deepest, and where the violence of the water would let nothing grow."

"Is the water violent at Niagara?"

"It is in violent motion."

"Is it prettier than this?"

"I cannot tell what you may think. Tastes vary."

"Uncle Eden, I should be so happy, if I only could get right about Bolivar!"

"Ay, Maggie. When we are not happy, there is generally something wrong."

"But what shall I do? Uncle Eden, suppose I were to be kind and polite to him and do something to please him as often as ever I can?"

"I advise you to try that plan."

"Don't you think that will do? even if I can't just love him?"

"You can try," said Mr. Murray encouragingly. And then he led off the talk to other things. They rested themselves in the pleasant shade by the side of the sweet

trickling and plashing waters; and forgot everything troublesome. By and by Mr. Murray left his seat and began to go slowly along the shore examining things as he went. Maggie followed, chatting.

- "What are you looking for, uncle Eden?"
- "Something these rocks are full of."
- "What is that?"
- "The remains of a sort of shell fish."
- "In the rocks, uncle Eden?"
- "Yes; locked up for hundreds of thousands of years."
- "How can you tell that they have been there so long?"
- "Because the rocks in which they are found were formed so long ago. There are none in rocks formed since then."
- "Why shouldn't they be in rocks formed since then?"
- "The fish did not live later. The race died out. There are none living now."

Maggie grew very curious. Mr. Murray went on examining. After a good while

he told Maggie he had got one. A little hammer was apt to travel about in Mr. Murray's pocket; with this he had broken off sundry pieces of rock here and there; now, sitting down, he shewed Maggie what he had found. A bit of rock smooth split on one face, shewed on that face a small object like a raised piece of carving, very finely carved; it lay as if half in and half out of the stone, being itself of the same colour.

- "That?" said Maggie. "Is that a fish?"
- "Was once?"
- "It looks like stone itself."
- "It is turned to stone. But it lived and moved once upon a time. Look, Maggie, at all these serratures and corrugations; these were the plates of the creature's armour; and they were fitted and jointed like as no smith that ever lived could do better."
- "Armour? Uncle Eden, did the fish wear armour?"
 - "Yes. It was long the fashion among

fishes. Very strong armour too; plates of bone, lapping or jointed, covering the whole animal. The fashion has gone out. Very few fishes wear armour now."

- "Do any?"
- "You have seen lobsters?"
- "O and crabs! The crabs we used to get at Mosswood. But was this thing really once alive?"
- "Indeed it was, with myriads of companions. In some places rocks are almost formed of their remains."
- "But how strange! I didn't know the world was so old, uncle Eden?"
- "The earth may have existed an unmeasured length of time, Maggie; what you read about in Genesis is its being put in its present order for men to inhabit."
 - "And did this fish live before that?"
- "I think not. In one of those early days of the creation—a 'day' in the Bible often means a very long period, Maggie,—in one of those earlier days, before the dry ground

was clothed with grass and trees, while as yet all the vegetation existing was in the shape of sea weeds and the like; then flourished the trilobites."

"And then," said Maggie, after asking some more questions and pondering a good deal,—"after the earth is destroyed by fire, I suppose it will be put in order again?"

"Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth,' the Lord says; and that new earth shall be for the inheritance of his people."

"Then Trenton brook will be gone," said Maggie meditatively. "I wonder if the new earth will be prettier than this!"

"Certainly it will. Don't you think, the Lord who has provided such delights for us here, even in this sin-spoiled world, will know how to meet all the wants and capacities of his children in that world, which sin will not spoil?"

They sauntered home at last to dinner, warm and tired and happy. As they reached

the hotel they saw Flora and Esther with the two boys, just coming through the trees on the opposite side.

"If I had only not asked Bolivar to come along with us!" Maggie thought within herself,—" then it would have been just nice."

It occurred to her to try to make some pleasant little speech to him as they went in, but she could think of nothing to say, and she said nothing.

CHAPTER X.

At dinner Maggie still busied herself with the plan of being pleasant to Bolivar. He sat next her; it would be quite natural and civil that she should occasionally speak to him; but the more she thought of this and felt it, the more she could find nothing to say. In fact there was nothing she wanted to say to Bolivar. The whole first course was disposed of in silence, as far as she was concerned; and hungry as she was, Maggie could but half enjoy it in this anxious search after civility.

"Did you have a pleasant walk?" she asked at length.

"You have heard all about it," answered Bolivar curtly.

Well, you are a bear! thought Maggie to

herself. "Did you find anything in the rocks, Bolivar?"

"In the rocks? Well, not exactly. There's no gold hereabouts, is there?"

"We found something very curious better than gold."

"There isn't anything better than gold," said young hopeful.

"Nothing better than gold!" cried Maggie. "Do you mean that that is the best thing in all the world?"

"Certainly. And if you were not a very small girl, you would know it."

"I think that is not at all a refined taste," said Maggie, greatly disgusted.

"I am not talking about taste," replied Bolivar with a short laugh. "I am talking about fact. Everybody knows it, except a little simpleton." He had been going to say "ninny," but recollected in time that in Mr. Murray's neighbourhood that would not quite do.

Pudding and pie claimed the attention of

both disputants. But Maggie eat with her heart hot.

- "Why Bolivar," she said again when his plate and hers were empty, "there is nothing meaner than a miser."
 - "What's a miser?" said Bolivar.
- "Why! a man that loves money better than anything else."
 - "That isn't a miser."
 - "What is, then?"
 - "A man that don't spend his money."
- "But a man that loves money better than anything else, will not spend it for anything else?"

Meredith laughed out. Mr. Murray smiled, but turned away his face. Bolivar went on, somewhat hotly.

- "That is what he likes it for, that he may spend it. Money is better than everything else, because you can get everything else with it."
- "But you wouldn't give it for what you didn't like better than the money?" said Maggie again.

"Well," said Bolivar; "that comes to the same thing. You can't have the things without the money."

"Some things you can."

" What?"

"Education," — said Maggie with some elation.

"O, can you?" said Bolivar. "How much, I should like to know. Books don't cost anything, I suppose? and schools and colleges and tutors and professors grow up like mushrooms, and are free to whoever wants them? Education is a pretty large thing, come to look at it before and behind. You have only seen it at one corner."

"Well, Trenton brook don't cost anything," returned Maggie. But at this her cousin went off into a fit of subdued but scornful laughter, which tried her excessively.

"I declare!" said he, "you are innocent. Trenton brook runs money — and the money all comes out of the people's pockets that look at it. You had better talk of something that you understand."

"At any rate," said Maggie with dignity, good manners cost nothing."

Bolivar was silent to this, and Maggie herself, startled at her own words, said no more. She could but half enjoy her fruit, and again wished that she had left her cousin at home.

After dinner, as they were too tired and it was too hot to go far, they sauntered down to the little museum. There the attention of all was engaged with the trilobites; even Bolivar, Maggie saw, listened earnestly to what Mr. Murray had to say about them. She was greatly delighted that her uncle bought a fine little specimen and gave it to her. If she could only get right with Bolivar! and she felt as if she were instead getting more and more wrong. She would have liked to give him a trilobite as a peace-offering; it moved her a little disagreeably to see that Meredith did this very thing. He bought

a very handsome one for Bolivar, and Bolivar took it with surprised pleasure; but it was not a peace-offering. What was it? Meredith's face and manner expressed just simple, hearty good-will and good-fellowship. How could they? Why could Meredith and why not Maggie? Maggie went home and wrote in her journal soberly—

"July 16. — I am making mistakes all the while. It seems as if I could not stop. I want to say some pleasant thing to Bolivar, and just when I want to say something pleasant, I say something unpleasant. To be sure, he provokes me; but then — These days ought to be so pleasant, and they would be, if it wasn't for him. He just comes like a mountain between me and the sun. But I am going to try very hard to-morrow, and I shall pray to be helped to speak just right."

Friday morning rose, promising another warm, close, sultry day. Maggie found it all good. The heat did not trouble her, though Esther and Flora complained a good deal.

- "Hotel rooms are so little and so stuffy!" said the latter.
- "But you can't see Trenton brook without being in hotel rooms," remarked Maggie.
 - "That's the misery of it."
- "I don't see anything but the joy of it," said Maggie; and away she danced down the stairs and out on the verandah. Early as it was, there was Bolivar. Now was a good time to say something pleasant, Maggie thought; at the same time she could not help wishing that he were not there. However she came up to him straightway.
- "We've got another nice day, Bolivar. How do you do?"
- "Baked or boiled; I don't know which. Such a night! Whew!"
- "What's the matter?" said Maggie laughing.
- "I thought my room must be over the kitchen, and the oven flues built into the walls. I did, upon my honour. I've been out here since before it was light. I should

think the thermometer must have stood in my room at 150°."

"But of course it must be hot in summer time; and everybody talks as if it were a strange thing."

"You are prematurely wise," said Bolivar.

Maggie suppressed a retort. "It makes
everything out of doors all the pleasanter,"
she said. "Trenton brook wouldn't be so
nice, if it wasn't warm enough for us to sit
down and enjoy it."

- "Trenton brook is a humbug."
- "O Bolivar!"
- "It is nothing extraordinary; but people have built this hotel, and cracked it up, and the fools who must go somewhere may as well come here. If it wasn't such a hot hole, nobody would think anything of the water. I have seen lots of better brooks."
 - "I think you are very hard to please."
- "Of course," said Bolivar. "Nobody but an ignoramus is pleased with everything that comes along."

- "Then I think it is nice to be an ignoramus."
 - "You are welcome!" said Bolivar.
- "I don't see," said Maggie, "why you can't be as pleasant as Meredith Franklin is. He isn't an ignoramus either, but he never makes such speeches to other people."
- "Meredith Franklin!" said Bolivar drawing himself up; he was a handsome boy physically, and now he drew himself up to his full height;—"do you compare me with that fellow with his head between his shoulders?"
- "No, I don't!" said Maggie flushing; "I don't compare you with him. There is no comparison. You will never be so pleasant as he, nor half so handsome, if you live to be as old as the hills."
- "I am safe," said Bolivar. "The hills have got an advantage of me. I shall never eatch up with them."

He was vexed, though he spoke lightly; but Maggie's breast was in great commotion.

She stood, swelling with anger and sorrow and mortification, while Bolivar walked off; and Maggie did not know how time went. Her thoughts were seething; her eyes filled full of tears that did not drop, and looked very hard at things they could not see; till a word in another voice made her know that Meredith had come upon the verandah; he was bidding her good morning. Maggie cleared her eyes with a brush of her hand, so that she could look at him, and then, with the look, her tumult of feelings came to a head. She made a spring towards him, threw both her arms round his neck, and straining him close, hid her face in a burst of passionate tears. Meredith was startled.

"What in the world has happened, Maggie?"

"Nothing,"—said Maggie sobbing, "nothing—except—only—"

"Except only a good deal, I should think. Here, come away, before people get out, and tell me." Swiftly he drew her from the house, through the grove, to the head of the long stair way leading down into the glen. Descending these stairs was a very useful composing exercise for Maggie, and yet when she got to the bottom her eyes were full and her eyelashes wet still. It was cool and sweet down there; or if not just cool, it was fresh with the gurgle and flow of waters and shady from the high leafy banks of the dell. Meredith and Maggie went on a little further, to be out of the way of whoever might come, and then they stopped and he sat down.

- "What has happened, Maggie?"
- "O, nothing!" said Maggie.
- "But you never cry for nothing."
- "Well, Ditto, it's impossible to do right!"
- "Have you found that out this morning?" said Meredith smiling a little soberly.
 - "I am finding it out every day."
- "What have you been doing already, since six o'clock.

- "Getting into a quarrel with Bolivar."
- "With Bolivar? That seems to me unnecessary."
- "And I didn't mean it, Ditto. I meant just everything else. I meant to be good to him and to say something pleasant."
 - "Then how came you to quarrel?"
 - "He was provoking —"
 - "And you were provoked."
 - "Well, Ditto, could I help it?"
 - "'Charity is not easily provoked."
- "I don't think I was easily provoked, Ditto."
- "'Charity suffereth long, and is kind," still."

Maggie burst into fresh tears.

- "Come!" said Meredith; "I didn't mean that."
 - "No, but I can't help it."
 - "Tears do not mend anything, Maggie."
 - "Nothing will mend this, that I can see."
 - "Mend what?"
- "Me. I can not do right. I want to, but I don't."

- "I hope that state of things is not irremediable."
- "But Ditto, that is what we were talking about one Sunday evening in the Pavilion don't you know? about how good one ought to be."
- "And you were going to write to Mr. Murray to ask his judgment."
 - "I never did. I forgot."
- "Let us get a good time and ask him now. And in the mean time, don't cry."
- "I don't believe we shall have a chance, till we get to Niagara. It's all a crowd here."
- "I am afraid it will be a crowd there. But Sunday is coming; we can certainly get an opportunity then."

So they mounted the steps and walked home again; and by the way Meredith turned off down to the museum and bought Maggie another trilobite. This was a beautiful one, large and perfect. Maggie was so much delighted that she forgot her sorrows, studying the once armour of the little fish. Bolivar was on the verandah when they got back to the hotel; and Maggie went up pleasantly and shewed him her treasure.

"It is nonsense for a child like you to have such a fossil," said he examining it. "You had better hand it over to me."

"Ah, but, you see, Meredith gave it to me, and I couldn't do that."

"Seems to me there is quite a flirtation between you and Mr. Franklin. I shall think it my duty to speak to my aunt about it."

"A flirtation!" said Maggie, shocked.
"Oh how can you say so? I am a child."

"Children are quite up to flirtations," said Bolivar, enjoying her discomposure, but not seeming to notice it.

"But people don't love one another when they flirt; and Meredith and I love one another very much."

"O you do!" said Bolivar. "Then it is serious?"

"I am serious," replied Maggie with dignity.

"I admire your taste, and I will remark upon it to my aunt, all the same."

Maggie found herself getting so angry that she turned off abruptly to avoid speaking. She was angry at the slur cast upon Meredith, more than at the very stale joke about herself.

That day they gave the morning to drives about the country; in the course of which they got wonderful views of the falls and the brook, looking down from the high land. In the afternoon they walked through the woods again to the High fall, and had some more lemonade, and sat in the shade of the trees and watched the lovely play of light on the water and rocks and wooded banks of the stream. They came back to tea tired and hungry and happy, as usual; but Maggie wrote only a few words in her journal that night.

"Friday, July 17. — To-day has been as

beautiful as it could be; all sunlight and sparkling water and bright green trees. We have driven, and walked, and looked at lovely things till we were tired. Yet I should never be tired really. I think this is the prettiest place I ever saw, except Mosswood. I should be so happy, if only I could get along with myself. But I made two mistakes to-day, and I think three. The first was, I got very angry and spoke it out. To Bolivar, of course. He made himself just as disagreeable as he could be. second mistake, I got angry again; (both before breakfast!) this time I did not shew it. But I felt it enough. And I think my third mistake was, that all day I didn't get rid of my anger enough to like to have anything to do with Bolivar; and so I searcely looked at him; and that is not a very nice way of going on. But O, I have got two trilobites. I am so glad. Now to-morrow we are going to Niagara."

CHAPTER XI.

MAGGIE was as well pleased to go as she had been to come, with the new delights in prospect. It was afternoon when they took the cars at Utica again; a heavy thunderstorm having delayed their getting away from Trenton Falls in the morning. And as it is impossible, often, to arrange things sagely in the moment of taking seats in a railway car, it happened that Maggie and Bolivar were thrown together and also had their place at a little remove from the rest of the party. Maggie was greatly discomposed about it; however, she tried not to shew how much, and reflected that every journey comes to an end. This, she found indeed, was not coming to an end soon.

For a long time she looked out of the

window. But the country did not specially interest her; and by and by she grew weary. At last asked her companion how much longer it would be before they got to Niagara?

"Hours"—said Bolivar shortly. He had bought a paper, and a magazine, so had resources. Maggie had none, and longed after the neighbourhood of Mr. Murray or Meredith. The way seemed very long; hour after hour went by, not flying by any means; and still the thunder and rattle of the cars thundered and rattled, and villages and fields, villages, towns and fields, were passed in uninterrupted succession.

- "What o'clock is it, Bolivar?"
- "Half-past four."
- "And what place is this?"
- " Palmyra."
- "Are we near Niagara?"
- "Not a bit of it. We shall not get to Niagara till night."
 - "Till night! Shall we have no tea?"

"I don't know! It is one of the inconveniences of travelling, that you never know what you are going to do with your hunger."

- "I am hungry now," said Maggie.
- "That is a trifle. Have you thought of the Suspension bridge?"
 - "What is that?"
- "We shall cross it in the dark. The conductor cannot see to guide the train at all."
- "But he cannot mistake his way on a bridge."
- "Not on ordinary bridges. This is not an ordinary bridge."
 - "Why not?"
- "Why it is a Suspension bridge; and that means, two iron rods thrown across a great gulf, nine hundred feet across, and below, down ever so far, is the Niagara river rushing and roaring like mad. It is awful."
- "The Niagara river? Two iron rods?" said Maggie. "What keeps them steady?"
- "Of course they are not steady," said Bolivar. "How should two slender iron rails

be steady, with a heavy train of cars going over them? And if there should be a flaw in one of them — "

- "But I shouldn't think uncle Eden would go over such a dangerous place," said Maggie, very much disturbed.
- "O he is religious," said Bolivar; "he don't care, if the rails break and we all plump in; besides, that is the only way to the Clifton House, and he wants to go to the Clifton House."
 - "Are there any other hotels?"
 - "Lots of 'em, here on the American side."
- "Isn't America on both sides?" Maggie inquired, perplexed now on the account of her geography.
- "O no, it is England on the other side," said Bolivar.
- "England! But it can't be. I know England is three thousand miles off, across the Atlantic."
- "The island; but it is British dominion on the other side, all the same."

"Why don't they have a better bridge?"

"It is the only sort possible. You see,
the banks are very high, and the water runs
below at such a furious rate that nothing can
stand in it; you could not build piers to
make a safe bridge; nobody could work in
the water; it is a raging torrent."

"How can they get those two rails across?" asked Maggie.

Bolivar bit his lips to keep his gravity, for the question was puzzling, and he did not quite know how to answer. Finally, concluded upon the truth.

"I don't know myself, that's a fact," said he. "They do it; but I don't know how."

"And must we go over there?"

"In the dark."

By this time Maggie's heart was beating in very anxious, painful throbs. She must speak to her uncle, and beg him to go to some other hotel; but in her great respect for his judgment this was not easy to do; she resolved to attack Meredith first. But how was she to get a chance? The cars were very full; no changing of seats was easily to be accomplished; and Maggie was imprisoned by Bolivar, who perhaps would not let her out if she asked him. She doubted.

"It is one of the triumphs of human ingenuity and skill," Bolivar went on demurely; "but imagine riding over such a chasm on a knife edge! Imagine that the cars should not be well balanced!—"

"But you said there were two rails?" said poor Maggie.

"Certainly; but you see, the cars ought not to press unevenly, more on one side than on the other. You can see, that must be important."

"Yes," said Maggie; "but our car is as full as it can be on both sides now."

Bolivar kept his countenance and was silent. While poor Maggie's heart burned within her. The cars flew on. She was tired of them, but now she was afraid, and

that was worse. Late in the afternoon they stopped, and there was immediately a stir among the people.

"Where are we? and what is the matter?"

"We are at Rochester, and people are getting out. We stop here a while."

Maggie profited by the opportunity. As Bolivar himself went out, no doubt to get something to eat, she rose up and worked her way forward to Meredith.

"O Ditto, can't I sit by you the rest of the way?"

"By me? Yes indeed; but what will your cousin think?"

"Bolivar? Would it be impolite?"

"You must judge. I should be very glad to have you."

"But Ditto, I want to talk to you."

"Come here and talk then. We shall not start again for twenty minutes."

He made room for her, and Maggie took a place beside him.

- "Ditto, do you know we have to go over the Sus — what sort of a bridge is it?"
 - "Suspension? Yes. What of it?"
- "I wish uncle Eden would stop at one of the hotels on this side."
 - " Why so?"
- "Isn't it very dangerous, going over the bridge?"

At this point up came Mr. Murray, to know if Maggie did not want a glass of milk and some bread? They would not get to Niagara and their hotel before late in the evening. And then Meredith and Mr. Murray both went out, to get things for her and Flora; and then she found the bread and milk very good, and they were all in a group, eating and talking; and then, before she had well finished her milk, the twenty minutes were gone. Some people carried back plates and glasses; other people came pouring into the car; the place by Meredith was taken again by a fat old gentleman who was going on to the Suspension bridge; and

sorrowfully Maggie went back to her own place. Sorrowfully and afraid. She liked Bolivar's company less than ever.

"Well!" said he, when they were in motion again, — "did you get some supper?"

"Yes; I had some bread and milk."

"May be the last bread and milk you will ever taste," said Bolivar. "I hope it was good."

But this was rather overdoing matters. If the young gentleman had indulged any serious fear that going over the Suspension bridge would put an end to his bread and milk, Maggie felt sure they would have lost the honour of his company. Still, she was very uneasy and heartily wished the journey safely over. It began to be twilight over the fields; the western sky where the sun went down was in a hot glow. The road was dusty, the cars were stifling. Still they rumbled on. And then the glow faded, and the stars twinkled in the mysterious depth of

the sky, and shadows gathered over the earth. Night was come.

And still they rumbled on. Maggie was exceedingly tired. Her head drooped against the side of the car, and she fell fast asleep. Bolivar's voice awoke her. The train had stopped.

- "Wake up, wake up, Maggie; here we are."
 - "Where?" said Maggie sleepily.
- "At the Suspension bridge. We are going over in two minutes."
- "I wish you had let me sleep till we had got over."
- "We are not going across in the cars, child. Come, hurry up."

Bewildered, stiff, and tired, Maggie pulled herself up and followed Bolivar out of the car. Presently she found herself bestowed in a stage coach, with Meredith's arm round her.

"Wake up, Maggie! Tired? How do you do?"

- "Are we going over now?" asked Maggie.
- "Yes, presently. A little patience, and you will be in your bed at Clifton House, and can sleep as much as you please."
 - "O I'm not sleepy now. Ditto aren't you afraid?"
 - "Of what?"
 - "Of going over."
- "Over the bridge? Why no. There is nothing to be afraid of. What's the matter?"
 - "Bolivar made me afraid."
- "He might have been in better business," answered Meredith shortly.

The stage was rattling on, through what seemed to be streets of a village — then it went slowly over some sort of a plank road, Maggie thought. It was very dark; she could hear the roar of the waters, but could see nothing of them. Then when the horses began to trot again, Bolivar leaned over and said,

- "Well, Maggie, we are over, for this time."
- "Over the bridge?"
- "Yes. Didn't you feel it shake?"
- "Be quiet, Dexter," said Meredith goodhumouredly. "She didn't, and you didn't; it doesn't shake a hair, as you know. Let your mischief alone."

But with this fear off her mind, Maggie's spirits rose to a great pitch of joy; and the drive to Clifton House was delightful. The dull roar of the waters sounded in her ears like the announcement of new and wonderful things to be seen and enjoyed. They got to the hotel between nine and ten; had a good supper; and Flora and Maggie and Esther went to their beds, three very happy young people.

If they slept late next morning, it was not to be wondered at. Maggie, as usual, was the first to recover herself and be wide awake. It was a sunny, still Sunday morning; delightfully quiet after the long rattling ride of yesterday; the soft roar of distant waters only emphasized the stillness. Maggie dressed leisurely, till all of a sudden she remembered that their windows were doors, opening out upon a balcony from which she could see something. And then she hurried her movements, and as soon as her last knot was tied and her plain piqué dress all in order, she softly undid the fastening of one of the windows, and stepped out. And then she stood still in a dream.

For what else was it like? Right over against her, what is called the American fall was pouring its flood over the level rock precipice; not in a smooth unbroken sheet, nor yet at once dashed to foam; but broken into flutes as it were, or juttings, which shewed the most delicious tints from pure white to green, with the neutral hues of shadow; a broad, calm, magnificent display of colour beauty. And of grace; for the lines of motion were lovely, and from the foot of the fall, where the water dashed itself upon scattered fallen bits of rock, rose

a soft, floating, vapoury white column of spray. Maggie stood like an enchanted child. She could see down into the chasm where the stream flowed, green, flecked with foam. How green! deep, clear, beautiful green; and the soft white veil of the mounting spray; and the many tinted, graceful, powerful, incessant, magnificent pouring flood of water. Maggie looked and listened awhile before she had leisure to cast her eyes higher up the stream; then she perceived, some distance off, another column of mounting vapour, larger yet than the one before her, in which the sunlight came and played in a lovely manner; and not till then, she became aware that there was a second fall, greater than the one she had been looking at, too far off to be now distinctly viewed. Awhile, with her breath almost stopped, Maggie gazed; then rushed back into the room to call Flora and Esther. She assured them there were wonders to be seen, and begged them to run out, just for one minute, to look; there was nobody on the piazza.

"I should think not!" said Flora. "It is too early. I haven't slept half enough; not half."

"But aren't you going to get up to break-fast?"

"O by and by. Time enough. It is Sunday morning. There is nothing to do. Go off, and let us sleep."

Sunday morning, and nothing to do. Maggie went out again, closed the window carefully, and sat down to enjoy herself alone. What a wonderful place! Such a roar of the waters, such a might of the floods, and such a lightness and gentleness of the ascending vapour, and such a stillness of morning sunbeams over all! Little Maggie could not reason it all out, yet she felt the charm of the glory and the beauty, and sat delighted, wondering, dreaming, before it; till all of a sudden a step broke the dream, and she saw Mr. Murray coming round the corner of the house on the balcony. Maggie rushed to his arms. They sat down together.

- "How do you do, my pet? Tired?"
- "O no, uncle Eden! Not tired at all."
- "What are you doing?"
- "Looking."
- "What do you think of it?"
- "I don't know, uncle Eden." Very gravely.
- "Sunday morning here is good, isn't it? But I am afraid you want your breakfast."
- "O no, I don't want my breakfast. Yes, I suppose I do; but I am not in a hurry. They are not up yet."

Both were silent a little while.

- "Uncle Eden, Ditto and I want to talk to you some time to-day."
- "I am at your service. What do you want to talk about?"
- "We have got into a puzzle about goodness. We don't know how good people ought to be. Yes, I don't mean that!—but we can't make out how good they can be."
 - "Are you both trying?"
 - "Uncle Eden, it don't seem any use to

try. I suppose it is some use; but I find myself doing just what I don't want to do. I didn't tell you all my mistakes the other day."

"Now is a good time to complete the list then."

"Uncle Eden," said Maggie very seriously, "it is a great puzzle to me. That day in the cars coming from New York, it worried me to see that little girl better dressed than I was."

"You told me that."

"Did I? Then, when we passed Mosswood, I did not like it that anybody else should live there but ourselves. It made me feel really bad."

"Well. What next?"

"At Albany, the morning we spent there, while you were out. Esther wouldn't write home, and I knew I ought to do it, and I delayed and delayed until the time was past."

"Why did you delay?"

- "O I wanted to see the people that came from the cars."
 - "Have you written yet?"
 - " No."
 - "Why not?"
- "I have been so busy and so happy; I couldn't stop. Or I forgot it when I might have done it."
 - "Well, Maggie?"
- "And, uncle Eden, at Trenton Falls, two or three times I got into a rage with Bolivar."
 - "A rage, Maggie?"
- "I was so angry, I don't know what else to call it. I couldn't help it."
- "And you couldn't help all the other mistakes, either?"
- "Uncle Eden, I don't see how I could. How could I? The feelings come, before I know; and then, there they are. And what am I to do about Bolivar?"
- "We will try to find out by and by. Aren't those girls ready yet?"

Not yet; but they were ready after a while, and then all went down to the breakfast room. This pleased Maggie much better than the dining room at Trenton Falls; and the breakfast was good, and the service. After breakfast Mr. Murray and Maggie and Meredith walked down to a little church at some distance: Esther and Flora declared themselves too tired. Then came dinner. But when it grew cool enough in the afternoon, they all went out and descended the steep road to the edge of the river, in front of Clifton House, at the foot of which the ferry boats come in. At a small remove from the ferry place they sat down on the rocks, and Mr. Murray declared himself ready for questions, if anybody wanted to talk.

CHAPTER XII.

"I AM as curious as Maggie is upon this subject," said Meredith. "We talked over it some time ago, and could come to no good conclusion; at least, no satisfactory one."

- "What is the subject?" Flora asked.
- "How one can be good; or rather, how good one is expected to be; how good one ought to be."
- "Why, of course, one ought to be perfectly good," said the young lady; "only one can't."
 - "Why can't one?" Mr. Murray asked.
- "O because we are human creatures, and sinful. We can't."
 - "What does the Bible say?"
- "O I know, the Bible says 'be perfect;' but then it says nobody is."
 - "It also says some people are, or were."

- "Does it!"
- "Certainly," said Meredith. "Don't you remember?"
- "Mr. Murray, is anybody perfect?" said Flora.
- "We had better first see what the Bible says," Mr. Murray answered. "Maggie, give your Bible to Miss Flora; and you can look over mine. See in the sixth ch. of Genesis—'Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations; and Noah walked with God."
- "But Noah wasn't perfect?" said Flora hastily.
 - "Explain how the Bible was mistaken."
 - "Why, Mr. Murray, he got drunk."
- "Very true. Let us go on. See ii. Ch. 15. 'The high places were not taken away out of Israel: nevertheless the heart of Asa was perfect all his days.' Of him also it is told that in his last sickness 'he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians.'"
 - "That is what we all do," said Flora.
 - "And make a mistake. Look next at ch.

25, 2. Here we learn that Amaziah 'did what was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart.'"

"That is what it seems to me all good people do now-a-days," observed Meredith.

"You see, the Bible distinguishes another sort of good people. See Job, 1, 8. The Lord himself says, 'Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man —?' Yet Job made a mistake afterwards, and spoke and thought not just right."

"Then what does perfect mean?" asked Flora.

"Take another word. 'Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart. They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.'"

"Why that is being perfect!" cried Flora.

"That book seems to contradict itself," said Bolivar sneeringly.

- "Then the apostle John says in the third ch. of his epistle, 'Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.'"
- "O yes," cried Meredith, "that is just the thing! But one's heart must condemn one when one is conscious of evil thoughts or tempers; and how are they to be avoided?"
- "Isn't it plain that there are two sorts of perfection that the Bible talks of? One sort is the absolute, incorruptible glory of goodness which is in the nature of God."
 - " Yes."
 - "That is not expected of us."
 - "No, of course," said Meredith.
- "But there is another sort which is demanded of us. This word describes it; 'if our heart condemn us not.' If so far as we know duty we are doing it; if there is nothing we know of that we ought to do, that we leave undone; and no practice or indulgence we allow ourselves that we do not believe to be right."

- "But Mr. Murray! that is perfection," said Flora.
- "The perfection of a heart wholly given to God and quite filled with love to him."
 - "Is that possible?" asked Meredith.
 - "Is it commanded?"
 - "I am quite puzzled," said the boy.
- "We get into great puzzles oftentimes, just for want of a simple believing of the Lord's words."
 - "I believe them "
- "Hardly. You this moment asked if they were possible to realize. But the apostle does not seem to have had any doubt upon the subject."
- "But I thought the Bible said there isn't a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not?" put in Esther.
- "And St. John says that 'whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.' As long as we are so very imperfect in knowledge and judgment, we may make mistakes; and strictly, such mistakes may be sin, and great

sin; nevertheless, 'if our heart condemn us not'—if so far as we know we do everything in the fullness of love to God, and desire to please him,—'then have we confidence toward God.'"

Esther and Flora looked very glum; and presently the two rose and began to wander away with Bolivar from the spot where the other three sat with their Bibles. Little by little they got further off, out of hearing, and then out of sight. As the sun was getting low, the colours upon the American fall grew more delicate and ethereal every moment; the columns of spray, constantly moving and changing and catching the light, were levely beyond all words to tell; the few people who had been lingering about the ferry, as suppertime drew near, scattered away and were gone; and the stillness, except for the roar of the waters, and the freshness, the loveliness, the wonder, remained for Sunday evening and the few watchers who were left there to look. They looked, and were quite still for a while.

"Mr. Murray," said Meredith suddenly, "my heart condemns me every day!"

"And O, uncle Eden!" said Maggie, "mine condemns me every hour, I think. You mean, when I do or think something I am sorry for, then my heart condemns me?"

"When you do or say something that hurts your conscience."

"How can it be helped? Can it be helped?" asked Meredith again. "I always thought it could not be helped."

"Questioning again,"—said Mr. Murray smiling. But he looked very serious too.

"Am I questioning?" said Meredith.
"I do not mean to question. What does the
Bible say, of the means, or possibility? I
will not question it."

"Does not the command imply a possibility?"

"But is such perfectness of life commanded?"

Before Mr. Murray could answer, a slight cry from some little distance startled them.

Though it did sound slight, yet a sound must be possessed of some real force to overmount the roar of Niagara; and hastily Mr. Murray put his Bible in his pocket and made his way towards the place the cry came from. It concerned one of their own party, as he had divined, though not with very serious cause of alarm. Esther had made some careless or rash step and fallen; on such rough and precipitous ground even so small an occasion might have given rise to great trouble. As it was, she was only bitterly frightened and, as Bolivar phrased it, "had a headache knocked into her." In other words, she had hit and bruised herself rather badly; without any real injury, there was need enough for arnica and cologne water and cold bandages, and for lying still in her room instead of coming down to tea. Esther begged not to be left alone.

"We shall not be gone long, Essie," said her little sister.

[&]quot;Yes, but it will seem long. And it will

be longer than you think. The time will seem short enough to you. Besides, I don't want to take my tea alone; I shall want you to help me; and this bandage gets dry so fast."

Maggie very unwillingly submitted. The others went down, and she stood by the window, looking out at the bright fall opposite. Why couldn't Esther have been more careful? she thought; or why couldn't she have sat still and not gone at all clambering in rough places? And then, why need she be so selfish as to keep her sister upstairs because she had to stay herself? The tea would not be half so good; things would be cold; and probably just what Maggie would have best liked would not be brought up to them. Life was hard.

- "What are you doing?" said Esther.
- "Nothing."
- "I wish you'd come here and make yourself useful, then. My head aches."
- "What shall I do?" said Maggie coming back slowly from the window.

"Do? why, what Flora was doing. Bathe my head."

Maggie began to make passes with a cologned handkerchief over Esther's forehead.

- "You don't do it right," said Esther fretfully; "you don't bear on a bit; that's no use at all. And there's no cologne. Let me feel it and smell it."
 - "Well, keep patient, Essie," said Maggie.
 - "I haven't lost my patience."
 - "You talk as if you hadn't got much."
- "Well, I have a right to be out of patience. I dare say I shall have to keep still all to-morrow, and lose ever so much pleasure."
- "Nobody has a right to lose his patience," said Maggie, didactically.
 - "Yes, you have, when you can't help it."
- "But you can help doing wrong; and it is wrong to lose one's patience."
- "You can't help doing wrong sometimes," returned Esther; "you can't possibly. I would never do wrong if I could help it. It is always because I can't help it."

- "O Essie!" said the little one at this large assertion,—"how can you say so? That isn't true."
 - "What isn't?"
- "Uncle Eden says we can help doing wrong; at least, I know that is what he thinks."
 - "Then why don't you help it?"
- "What wrong am I doing?" asked Maggie, feeling much injured.
- "Plenty, every day. There's a knock at the door. It's our supper. Run and open the door, Maggie."

Maggie opened the door, and a servant came in with a large tray, which he set on a table and brought the table to the neighbourhood of Esther's bed.

- "What have we got?" asked Esther as soon as the man was gone and the door closed. Maggie took a survey.
- "Here's broiled ham, and stirred eggs, and sweetmeats, and rolls and butter and bread, and cake; two kinds. And water."

- "No cold meat?"
- " No."
- "I hate ham."
- "Will you have some of the eggs?"
- "O one has eggs every day. I wanted something different."
- "So did I," said Maggie; "I wanted some fish. I dare say there is fish down stairs, but I knew they wouldn't bring it up. Everybody always wants the fish. It's so nice."
- "They might have sent us some smoked beef, at least. That's always on the table at night. I don't want ham, nor eggs."

" Nor I."

The two little girls looked disconsolately at the supper-tray, and tears came into Maggie's eyes. If it were not for Esther's selfishness, she might have been down stairs now, at the table! and had fish!

- "Well, aren't you going to give me anything?" asked Esther petulantly.
 - "If you'll say what."
 - "O I must eat, you know, whether I like

it or not. I don't like anything there. I wish I had a cup of tea."

"If I had gone down to the table, I might have brought you up something else."

"But you wouldn't. The servant would have brought it, and I should have had it alone, and you would have had a good time."

"Don't you want me to have a good time, because you can't?" said Maggie, greatly aggrieved. "I think that's selfish."

"You had better not talk about selfishness," retorted Esther. "You are thinking of nothing but your own pleasure all the time. Everybody does; and nobody cares about anybody else."

"I wonder if you have ever written to mamma or papa yet?"

"No. I haven't had time."

"O Essie! You've had plenty of time. You should not say that."

"I'll say what I like. Give me a piece of cake."

"Aren't you going to eat anything but cake?"

"I'll eat what I like. I wish you had gone down to supper!"

At which conclusion Maggie burst into tears and retreated to the balcony, leaving Esther to manage as she might. What she was crying for, Maggie did not very clearly understand; only she knew that somehow she was thoroughly disturbed; and in the disturbance there was discernible also a faint knockknocking somewhere down in her heart which she recognized for the hand of conscience. What was the matter? For Maggie was crying as if her heart would break. She wanted fish for supper; yes, but it was not that. She wanted to go down stairs; yes, but it was not that either. Yet those two items. and Esther's disagreeableness, she kept in the front of her causes of trouble, till the first passion had exhausted itself; and then she began to see clearly, and while less passionate, to be more sorrowful. Maggie had stopped crying, and sadly was looking over at the bright lines of light in the face of the American fall, feeling a terrible contrast somehow; when she heard, out of sight, yet not far off, somebody beginning to sing. It was a rich, deep, man's voice; the singer must be just round the corner on the same balcony; for Maggie heard the words. Indeed anybody a good distance away could have heard them. And yet the voice was only deep and strong; not boisterous.

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
Oh glory, glory to the Lamb,
For love so rich and free!
His blood has washed away my sins;
His blood has made me free."

So sweet, so thrilling, the sound lingered on the air, so clear and strong the words came, Maggie felt an irresistible desire to know who it was that sung; who it was that could say that. Somebody that meant what he sang, she was sure; and she stole softly and slowly round the corner of the house.

The balconies ran round two sides of the great pile of building at each story. As soon as Maggie got to the corner, she saw to be sure a gentleman sitting there, a few paces off, gazing at the fall; but at the light sound of her steps he started and turned. Then Maggie saw a fine, kind face, which wore a kind smile as soon as it looked on her. The stranger stretched out his hand.

"Who is this?" said he. "Come here, my little lady, and speak to me. Who are you?"

Maggie never thought of hesitating in answer to such a face and address; she came up to the gentleman, who drew his arm round her, and she told him her name.

- "Were you looking for somebody just
- "No, sir. I mean, yes, sir. I was looking to see who was singing."
 - "You were!" said the gentleman smiling.
- "Did you hear me singing?"
 - "Yes, sir."

- "Did you hear the words?"
- "O yes, sir."
- "Well, do you know what the words mean? Has Jesus' blood washed away your sins?"
- "I think it has," said Maggie softly "in one way."
 - "One way! What way is that?"
 - "I think he has forgiven me."
- "Yes; and in what way then has he not washed away your sins?"
- "Because, sir," said Maggie, lifting her eyes to the stranger's face, and somehow giving him her confidence without question,
 —"because it seems as if I could not get rid of them."
- "You find yourself doing wrong now and then, when you don't want to?"
 - "Every day!" said Maggie.
- "You want to learn how to sing the next verse of my hymn. Do you know that hymn?"
 - "No, sir."
 - "Shall I sing the next verse for you?"

"O if you please!" He sang.

"'My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean."

"That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. But how can I get it?"

"By believing Jesus."

"Believing how?" said Maggie. "I do believe him."

"You believe that his blood saves you from guilt; from the punishment of your misdoings. But don't you remember? the angel brought the word before he came into the world; 'He shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.' I guess you haven't believed just that?"

Maggie hesitated a minute and then said, "Will he?"

"He says so."

"I don't want to be doing wrong things."

"No, and He doesn't want that you should. And when he died he overcame all our enemies for us, sin and death and hell; and if we believe him, he will overcome them in us; but only just so far as we believe him." And the stranger softly sang another verse.

"'Wash me, and make me thus thine own.

Wash me, and mine thou art.

Wash me, but not my feet alone,—

My hands, my head, my heart.

Oh glory, glory to the Lamb,

For love so rich and free!

His blood has washed away my sins;

His blood has set me free.'"

It was all still when he stopped; only the quiet thunder of the waters, calm and steadfast; and it seemed to Maggie as if in that moment everything was free and sang of freedom; the rushing cataract, the stirring air, the stars that began to twinkle down at her from the deep blue sky.

"I have got to see somebody," said the gentleman presently. "I must say good-bye."

"Shall I not see you again to-morrow, sir?" said Maggie, quite startled at the idea.

"I am going away to-morrow morning. Else I should be very glad to see you. I hope I'll see you by and by, where the people all wear white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Good-bye; and remember that Jesus always will do everything you trust him for, I don't care what it is."

CHAPTER XIII.

FLORA was in the room when Maggie went back.

- "Why Maggie, where have you been?" said she.
- "Yes. She has left me for a whole age!" said Esther; "and I wanted her and called her, and called her; and she would never come. I had to get my tea as I could by myself, all alone."
 - "I didn't hear you, Essie."
- "Where were you? You couldn't help hearing me. I called loud."
- "How is your head?" said Maggie gently. All her moods and tempers were gone, and she was quite humble and quiet in heart, now.
- "O it aches," said Esther. "It ached with calling you."

Maggie drew near to the tea tray, which fortunately had not been removed, and began to eat what she could find. Esther had culled out all she liked best.

"Why hasn't the child had her tea?" exclaimed Flora. "What have you been about, Maggie?"

"Getting into a fit of the tantrums," responded Esther. "That's the way with good people; they have their times. I don't see so much difference between them and the people they lecture for being bad."

The hit was a severe punishment to Maggie; she felt what occasion she had given to her sister both to say and to think it. But Flora, looking at the downcast little face, thought within herself that the difference was still very discernible.

The next morning Esther was not sufficiently recovered to be able for going about. Greatly to her mortification, she was obliged to lie still on her bed and let the others set off without her. Flora kindly volunteered

to keep her company this morning; and early after breakfast the four others mounted into a barouche and set out. Maggie in the greatest possible delight.

"Where are we going first, uncle Eden?"

"To the other side."

"Over the Suspension bridge," said Bolivar. "And if there should happen to be a train passing over it at the same time—there is no knowing what the combined weight may do."

Maggie looked apprehensively at her uncle, but he was quite as calm as usual. Nevertheless she caught her breath a little.

"Uncle Eden, is the bridge certainly safe?" she ventured to ask; to the huge amusement of her cousin.

"Safe? If I did not think so, I should have staid on the other side."

"I don't see how it can be safe," remarked Bolivar demurely.

"It is very strong. And every time a train passes over it, the watchers of the bridge look to see if it has deflected a quarter of an inch out of the straight line," Meredith said.

- "What if it had?" asked Maggie.
- "Then measures would be taken."
- "I should think they would measure it before," said Maggie.

Amidst the laughing at this mistake and the correcting it, they arrived at the bridge. Maggie eyed it fearfully, as the horses stepped slowly along.

- "Where is the railroad, uncle Eden?"
- "Overhead."
- "Over us!" Maggie said no more, but she was horrorstruck. However, the horses stepped quietly along, the bridge did not tremble, and in due time they got to the other side and felt firm ground. They drove now to one of the hotels, left their carriage, and walked down to the edge of the bank some ten minutes off, from which they had a view of the American fall close at hand and the Horseshoe further up the stream. It

was a bright, glowing morning; sky and water and trees were in a sort of resplendent state; but beautiful as it all was, Maggie kept a tight hold of her uncle's hand.

- "You are not afraid, Maggie?"
- "I think not exactly, uncle Eden."
- "You need not be at all. We are perfectly safe. What I feel here, is a great sense of beauty and harmony."
- "People do go over the Falls, though," said Bolivar.
- "There is no occasion for it. People are foothardy."

They walked back as far as the bridge, and entered upon that.

- "Where are we going now?" Maggie asked.
 - "To Goat Island."
 - "Where is that?"
- "Don't you see land at the other end of the bridge?"
- "O but that is a very large island," said Maggie.

- "More than a mile round."
- "And what do we go there to see?"
- "The falls."
- "I thought we had seen the falls."
- "We have seen them at a distance. Now we will see them near."

Maggie was not quite sure that she cared about seeing them any nearer; however, she went with the others. But the iron bridge, upon which they now came, seemed to her itself a fearful place. True, it looked as if it might be strong; but underneath, and above, and below, what a tumultuous fury the waters were in! Rushing, almost leaping, eddying, whirling, dashing; looking up above the bridge, as far as the eye could reach, it was all a mad rush and tumble of waters.

- "How could they ever build a bridge here?" said Meredith.
- "Man can do almost whatever he determines upon doing," said Mr. Murray. "This was difficult and dangerous both, at first."

- "If a man got in here, it wouldn't take him many seconds to get to the falls," remarked Bolivar.
- "" Did anybody ever get in?" asked Maggie.
- "Yes, my pet, but not from this bridge, that ever I heard of."
- "Uncle Eden, I do not think you find much beauty and harmony here?"
- "The very opposite, Maggie. These rapids are the just image of self-will, when it knows no restraint."
- "Self-will?" echoed Bolivar. "Why, what's that?"
- "Usually it is called 'having one's own way."
 - "And do you call that a bad thing?"
- "Is it a bad thing, to be in the rapids of Niagara with the Falls below?"

Bolivar came as near to a derisive whistle as his respect for Mr. Murray would allow; and everybody, it must be noted, respected Mr. Murray; so he checked the whistle and asked,

- "Where are the Falls, in that case?"
- "At the end of the way," said Mr. Murray calmly.
- "I don't think life is worth living, if one can't have one's own way," said Bolivar.
 - "So a great many think."
 - "What's the harm?"
- "Stop and look over here," said Mr. Murray going to the side of the bridge. "Look at the rush there. Do you think a man in a skiff, once in that rush, could guide himself to any purpose?"
- "No more than a fly in an eggshell," said the boy, looking at the waves, which seemed to scoop out hollows in their wild whirl, to be overleaped again.
- "No more can a man who is the sport of self-will, when once it gets full course and power."
- "But isn't a man who has his own way his own master?"
- "Ay," said Mr. Murray, "till he gets into the rapids. Then, no!"

- "How far up do the rapids go, uncle Eden?"
- "I do not know, Maggie; but so far as a mile above the Falls there is no getting out if once you get in."
- "A mile!" repeated Maggie. "And nobody knows where the rapids really begin! I should think nobody would ever go on the river anywhere."
- "That's a prudent conclusion," said Mr. Murray. "I would rather you never did."
- "But it is perfectly safe," said Bolivar, "far enough up."
- "Perfectly," answered Mr. Murray; "if you can define 'far enough.'"
- "Well, quite above the rapids," said Bolivar.
- "You make no allowance for a storm, or a fog, or a broken oar, or a torn sail."

Bolivar was temporarily silenced, and the party came to the other end of the bridge and stepped upon Goat Island. Walking round to the right for a little distance they came to the bank overhanging the river, at the very edge of the little fall which divides it from Luna Island. The little bridge of connection looked fearful to Maggie; however, she followed her uncle, and soon they stood almost within reach of the edge of the American fall, where the waters are rushing furiously to take their leap. Maggie shuddered and drew back.

"What makes the water run so much faster here than it does further up?" she asked.

"What makes the Rapids? Partly, the increased descent of the river bed. From the other end of Goat Island, three quarters of a mile away, the river falls fifty feet. Then too, here it is crowded into a narrower outlet. Just above the Falls it moves at the rate, it is said, of thirty miles an hour."

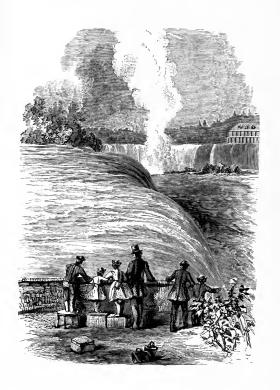
It was magnificent, but it was terrible. Maggie shrank back and stood behind; but Mr. Murray stood long looking. Then they quitted little Luna Island. As they crossed the foot bridge Bolivar and Maggie were near together.

"A little girl fell in there once, just near where you were standing," said he; "just about your age."

"What became of her?" said Maggie.

"Over, of course. A young man jumped in like a fool to catch her, and they both went over together."

Maggie's head reeled. She wished Bolivar had kept his story to himself. Presently she saw a couple of Indian women sitting on the bank. They had things for sale. This was very interesting. Meredith and she looked over the stock, and Maggie became happy possessor of a little blue bag worked with white glass beads, a small pineushion ditto, and a small needlecase ditto ditto, with a small horse hair finger ring having "Niagara" wrought upon it in white. In her great delight she forgot Bolivar and the rapids; and so it was with a kind of start that she came



out from the trees to the northwest end of the island, and saw the whole breadth of the river, and the whole curve of the Horseshoe fall lying just below her; with the Terrapin tower and the long little foot bridge leading to it. Now those who have never been on the spot can hardly imagine what reason Maggie had for being terrified. The tower stands close by one corner of the great Horseshoe fall, and the long bridge leading to the tower is built over the wildly rushing rapids. True, the water is running shallow over the rocks just there under the bridge; but yet it runs madly; and Terrapin tower stands just at the edge as it were of the full down-pour of the great Fall; looking immediately down upon it. All above the Fall is a heaving sea of rapids, furious and fearful.

"Are you going down there, uncle Eden?" said Maggie.

- "Yes. Are not you?"
- "Do you want me to go?"
- "Not unless you like."

"Then I would rather not go."

Mr. Murray smiled and went on with Meredith, leaving Maggie sitting in the shade in a comfortable place. To her great regret, Bolivar staid behind with her.

- "You needn't stay to take care of me."
- "Not worth the trouble—" said Bolivar lazily, throwing himself down on the warm ground. He watched Mr. Murray and Meredith going upon the bridge, and when they were well off, then he began.
- "That's all bosh, *I* believe, about those rapids. A fellow could get out again, if he got in, provided he had his wits about him. The waves aren't half as high as they are in a storm."
 - "But they go so fast," said Maggie.
- "Pooh, they always go fast in a storm under a high wind; and boats live through."
- "They haven't got the Falls below them, in a storm."
 - "What matter?" said Bolivar. "If you

can't ride the waves you go to the bottom; and I'd as lieve do it over the Falls as any other way; soon done with."

"I don't believe you would," said Maggie, looking at her uncle and Meredith on the balcony of the little tower and wondering at them. It seemed to her the tower itself would go over in that wild force of the waters.

"You swallow whatever is told you," said Bolivar, lazily yawning and stretching himself; 'it is the way with womankind, young and old. We men are bound to think for ourselves, and not let anybody gull us."

- "You are a very rude boy, that's what I think," said Maggie hotly indignant.
 - "O that's what you think, is it?" said he.
- "Yes, and you don't deserve to have my uncle take the trouble to teach you."
- "He's welcome to let it alone," said Bolivar. "By the way, what do you think of yourself for politeness, eh?"
- "I think I am a great deal more polite than you are."

"You do! I differ from you. I was invited by yourself to join a party of pleasure. You have an odd notion of what is proper towards a guest, I must say."

"You just seem to take pains to make yourself disagreeable, Bolivar!"

"You have no need to take pains for that," said he coolly. "It comes natural to you."

Maggie jumped from her seat and went down the steep little path that led to the bridge, preferring to wait there for her uncle than to bear Bolivar's company. She did not like it there, however, so close to the water. And she liked it less when she found that her cousin had followed her.

"That tower stands in a ticklish place," he remarked. "I should think the water would wear away its foundations. What if it should tumble in, Maggie? there would be nobody but me left to take care of you."

"I would not be under your care. I wish you would go away."

"Home, do you mean? I will, if you say

so. To Leeds? and tell aunt Caroline what a nice girl you are?"

Maggie tried to hold her tongue, and did, till she saw her uncle and Meredith coming back; but her pleasure was spoiled for the remainder of that day. Troubled and thoughtful, she followed her uncle in the further walk along the shore of the island. At last they sat down to rest, in a place that commanded a good view of the river and the rapids.

"I can't help wondering a little," Meredith began, — "as I saw that Bolivar wondered, Mr. Murray, — at your making the rapids to be an image of self-will. I know self-will is bad enough, but I didn't think it was so bad as that."

- "So bad as what?"
- "As this fearful, furious, raging power of waters."
 - "What is self-will?"
- "Dexter put it very well, I thought; just having your own way."

"That sounds harmless, to be sure. But think a little further. What courses does self-will take?"

Meredith hesitated a good while. Bolivar broke in. — "Only pleasure."

"Put the question in another shape then. What forms does pleasure take?"

Bolivar hesitated now, and Meredith answered,

- " Every form under heaven."
- "It doesn't!" said young Dexter with much more abruptness than suavity.
- "Think," said Meredith. "Every thing in the world that men do, who follow self-will, they do in some sort to please themselves;—for the sake of something which they think they want."

Bolivar was silent.

"I will ask another thing now," Mr. Murray went on. "What determines the question of the line of development self-will may take, in any given instance?"

"The person's nature, I suppose," said Bolivar.

"And his surroundings; and education; and restraints; and also, the form in which temptation presents itself."

- "I see it!" said Meredith.
- "I don't see anything," said Bolivar. "I can resist temptation, if I have a mind to."
- "And you can cross the Niagara river, higher up, with safety. But let a man lay down his oars and float with the stream awhile,—and by and by he will find it is too strong for him. He has got into the rapids; and no strength of his own can save him from that boiling flood yonder."
 - "Men are not like that," said Bolivar.
- "I beg your pardon. They are just like that. Nobody begins with meaning to be a thief or a miser or a drunkard—or with intending to go over Niagara Falls. But let them drive with the current, and somewhere they pass the irrecoverable line. They find it out then often, and struggle; and struggle in vain."
 - "I see it," said Meredith. "And just

having one's own way is the beginning of it all!"

"Having our own way is rebellion against God, who claims to be our King. It is unbelief. That word in the New Testament is frequently used for rebellion and hardness of heart."

"And as high up as I know the current," said Meredith, "it is already fearfully strong."

"Yes, but there is help," said Mr. Murray, "for those who want it."

They got up and walked slowly back to the bridge that led from Goat Island to the shore. By the time they got there, little Maggie felt as if her brain were in a kind of whirl, from the rush of waves and the roar of the cataract. She was very glad to leave it all behind and go into a shop near the hotels, where all sorts of Niagara curiosities were for sale. Indian work in beads and bark and cloth, Lake Superior agates in many forms, chains and bracelets made of

the white stone of Table rock, or so said to be, and many other things. This was a delightful change. Maggie forgot the rapids, and went round the shop, admiring the jewellery and wondering at the beauty of the Such delicate colors, such dainty hues, and such elegant grading and lining of one into another. Here would be all shades of fine grey, from light ash up to almost black, shades sometimes melting into one another, sometimes pencilled out in parallel lines of darker colour. Here was a stone all of delicious fawn tints, with some of those same wonderful pencilled lines, and in one place a flush of faint pure rose coming in among the fawn.

"What will you have, Maggie?" whispered Meredith.

"I?" said Maggie starting.

"Yes, just you. Look and choose what you like best."

The thought of delight which darted through Maggie's heart was instantly re-

placed by another thought. Esther! Get something for Esther, conscience whispered. She is at home on her bed, and you have all the fun. Let Esther have the jewels.

The thought came with a pang. For Maggie's whole soul was alive with the beauty of the agates and the possible joy of possessing some of them. Yet conscience spoke too plainly to be ignored.

"Let me think a little," she said to Meredith. "I will tell you in a few minutes."

So while he was busy making other purchases, and Mr. Murray was talking to Bolivar about agates, Maggie went from case to case of beautiful things, thinking. Partly thinking what Esther would like best; partly struggling and praying against the wish for her own pleasure which was just now very strong. But Maggie remembered the rapids; she prayed to be helped to do right and conquer herself; she thought of Esther, deprived of all the day's pleasure, and how much she would enjoy one of those pretty things

brought home for her. At last, with her face quite clear, Maggie went round to Meredith and hooked her arm into his.

"Ditto," she whispered, "I think, if you will be so good as to give me something, I will choose one of those white stone bracelets, made out of a piece of Table rock."

Meredith had watched Maggie and knew her well enough to give a good guess at what was going on in her mind. He did not let her know that; he gravely made the purchase of the bracelet, and to the bracelet added a long rope of the white stones. But Maggie was so delighted now that she could hardly speak. The pain was all gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

THAT afternoon Maggie wrote in her journal, the first entry for several days.

"Monday, July 20. This is the most glorious place in the world. Bolivar would laugh at me if he saw that sentence, but I can't help it. He does all he can to hinder me from having a good time, but he can't do it. O the water is so beautiful! and so dreadful! and somehow, I can't tell how, I think if is more beautiful because it is in some places so dreadful. If Bolivar was only at home safe—

"I am staying with Esther, who fell down on the rocks yesterday evening and hurt herself. So she couldn't go out to-day; and Flora stayed with her this morning, and I am staying with her this afternoon. It was very hard to stay, and let them all go seeing those

wonderful places without me. I couldn't help feeling rather bad about it; I feel bad now, if I let myself think. Ought I to be quite pleased to stay at home with Esther? I suppose so. O dear, I am so full of mistakes that I don't know what to do. I dislike Bolivar so much that it is difficult to be civil to him, and he does make himself terribly ugly, and teases me whenever he gets a good chance. And then I get angry, and I shew it, and he is pleased. That is a mistake I make often. Then this afternoon I was very unwilling to stay at home, though of course I didn't say so; and this morning I wanted exceedingly to keep Meredith's present for myself, when I thought I ought to give it to Esther. I mean, before it was bought I was unwilling; after that I was very glad. And O how delighted Esther was! That is what keeps her quiet this afternoon; she is wearing the necklace and bracelet, and looking at them and playing with them; and they are most beautiful.

But that shop was full of pretty things. I wanted a great many of them, if I had had money.

"I don't get on with my mistakes. It seems to me I make just as many after I have written about them and determined I won't do the things again. The next time I am tempted, I do it. It is just like the rapids of Niagara, as uncle Eden says. When one gets in, one can't get out. There's another mistake. I have never written a letter to mamma or papa yet, though that day at Albany last week I knew I ought to do it. Well, I am tired writing journal. I can't do it now."

Maggie turned to the contemplation of Esther, who was dressing herself with her white stones, feeling them, admiring them, and in her way making herself happy with them. Just then there came a tap at the door. Maggie opened it. Bolivar was standing there.

"Can't you leave Esther for a few minutes? Mr. Murray wants you outside."

- "Haven't they gone over to Goat Island?" said Maggie. "I thought you were all gone long ago."
 - "Not yet. You see, here I am."
 - "What does uncle Eden want me for?"
- "I don't know. To let you see something, I suppose. Can you come?"

Esther was willing, graciously, and Maggie caught up her flat hat and followed her cousin down stairs.

- "Where are they?" she asked, when the two were outside of the hotel.
- "Come a little way with me," said Bolivar.
 "Not far."
- "Down here?" said Maggie, as he led to the road which descended the bank to the ferry,—" are they down where we were last evening?"
- "Not exactly, but this is the very nearest way I can take you to them."

Maggie followed down the rocky, steep road, wondering a good deal that her uncle should be there, when she thought he was far off in quite another direction. They arrived at the bottom, where the place of the ferry is; a boat had just come across, and some people had landed, but Maggie saw nobody that she knew. "Where are they?" she asked in increasing surprise and now in some fear.

- "You must get into the boat to come to them," said Bolivar.
 - "Where are they?"
- "Not far. But you must get into the boat."
- "I don't want to get into the boat without uncle Eden."
- "Just as you please; but this is the way. What's the matter?"
 - "I don't see them anywhere."
- "They were here," said Bolivar. "If you'll just step in, we shall go after them."
 - "Did uncle Eden want me to come?"
- "Of course he did. And I wanted to come back for you."

Maggie did not like the position. She

was unsatisfied, and yet did not know what to object; and she had no time to reason about the matter. Bolivar stood with his foot on the gunwale, waiting to hand her in; her uncle wished for her, she thought; she shrank, but she gave her hand to Bolivar. In another minute she was seated and Bolivar beside her and the boatman had pushed off.

- "Where are we going?" she said doubtfully.
- "The boatman knows. He will take us right."
- "But Bolivar, I think he acts as if he were going across?"
 - "Very likely. No doubt he is."
 - "I don't want to go over."
 - "The others are all over there, though."
- "But I do not want to go this way I had rather go some other time O Bolivar, won't you get the man to go back and leave me there?"
- "Nonsense, he can't go back now. We shall be over directly."

"There's no danger, miss," said the ferryman good-humouredly.

There was no danger; nevertheless Maggie was very much frightened. A boat had no novelty for her; it was not that; it was the place and the scene and the circumstances. Never had Maggie been afloat on such wonderful water; green, and flecked with foam, and swirling with its mad force of flow. The view of the falls from below, too, gave her quite another feeling than that of grace and harmony; from below they looked fearsome; and the boat as it made its way across the struggling current, gradually neared and neared the foot of the American fall, which rose up more and more terrible before Maggie's eyes. She was very much disturbed at being in such a place, with only her cousin's companionship; however she did not give way as some children would have done; she did not cry; she sat watching the fall with a fascination of terror, her little face pale and anxious and intent, in a

way that afforded great amusement to Bolivar.

- "I don't want to go any nearer!" she said at last. "O ask him not to go any nearer, do!"
- "He must go to the landing-place, child. Don't be foolish."
 - "Where is it?"
 - "Over there, where the stairs come down."
- "I don't see anybody that looks like uncle Eden there," said Maggie.
- "Very likely they have gone up to the top of the bank."
- "They would have waited for me, Bolivar."
- "They did not know you would come, you know."
- "I wouldn't have come, if I had known. You said they were just out near the house."
- "No I didn't. I knew better than that. But I didn't know just where we should catch up with them."
 - "Are there stairs there?"

"Yes, coming down the bank."

The roar and the spray of the waters, and the terrible aspect of the great falling mass as they drew near to it, nearly took Maggie's self-command away from her; with all she had left she turned resolutely from the fall and looked at the rocks of the landing-place. It was a passage of terror, for the last half of the way; but then the boat got into quiet water in the lee of some rocks, and Maggie was safely landed. She had made sure that her uncle and Meredith were not among the few loungers or passengers gathered at the landing place; she had made out too where the stairs were, before she got to land; and no sooner did she feel the rocks under her feet than she set off for them, and so hastily, that her foot was upon the lowest stair before Bolivar could interfere.

"Stop!" he cried. "Where are you going?"

"Up, to find uncle Eden," Maggie answered without stopping an instant. She was half a dozen steps up.

- "But wait, and let us look for him here first," Bolivar called out.
- "I have looked. He isn't there." Maggie was fifteen stairs up.
 - "But Maggie! Maggie! —"
- "What?—" said Maggie, mounting as fast as her feet could carry her. Bolivar had to come after her a little way to make his words heard.
 - "Maggie! Stop!"
- "No —" said Maggie, going on without the least hesitation.
- "Let me go first and see if I can find any-body."

To this Maggie vouchsafed no answer. She was beginning to entertain strange doubts of Bolivar altogether. She mounted and mounted, and supposed he was coming on behind her, but did not know and did not much care. She staggered to the top, half dizzy with the strain of so many stairs. Before she could see clearly, her cousin was at the top too.

"I don't see them, Maggie," said he. "They must have gone on further. Hadn't we better give it up?"

"Give what up?" said Maggie, trying to scan the grounds and find some figure that looked like one she knew.

"Hadn't we better give up looking for them?"

"You have not been looking for them at all."

"Well, if you think so, we had better go back again."

No answer. Maggie was sending her eyes in every direction.

"Maggie, we had better go back again."

"I am not going that way again."

"But there is no other way. We can't walk home."

"I am not going that way."

" What will you do then? I shall go back, the way we came."

Maggie was silent.

"I am going, I tell you, Maggie."

"I am not - that way."

"You can't get home any other way," shouted Bolivar.

"I am not going that way - " Maggie repeated, with a half sob. Still she did not yield to the desire to cry; she was excited, afraid, bewildered, and rather expected presently to light upon Mr. Murray and the others, who must be somewhere on this side. Maggie knew where she was, and pressed her hurried steps up towards the hotels and the iron bridge; without concerning herself about Bolivar, whose escort indeed she did not wish for. Surely she must hit upon Mr. Murray or Meredith somewhere; the necessity of the case seemed to make that certain. But her heart beat, for it was not certain. Bolivar stood back near the head of the staircase, thinking Maggie would lose heart and turn back; then, as she did no such thing, he very unwillingly followed her, but at a distance. He did not wish to shew himself until Maggie should have become so

thoroughly frightened as to be manageable again. The more Maggie was frightened, however, the more she pressed on. were a great many people about; it was a bright, warm afternoon; and the hope of finding her friends was constantly fed by newly appearing figures near or far. At length she reached the iron bridge, and Had they gone over to Goat Island; or had they not come yet? Or had they gone and come again? Maggie thought that could hardly be; the time had not been long enough; but then, time was in great confusion in her mind, and it was impossible to reckon intelligently. It seemed a long while since she had left Clifton House. I cannot do anything else, I can walk back, thought Maggie, round by the Suspension bridge; but she had at the same time a distinct impression that it was a long way round by the bridge. She stood still anxiously scanning the figures near and far. Her little heart beat wearily. The rapids

were dreary and fearful to see, and she kept her eyes from them as much as she could; the roar of the waters she could not shut out, and it helped to confuse her. Bolivar watched her from afar, impatiently; till his eye was caught by some boys quarrelling near him; when he looked again, Maggie had disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

MAGGIE was standing by the bridge, half deafened by the roar of waters, and half stunned by the rush of her own thoughts.

- "Are you waiting for somebody, my dear?" said a deep voice suddenly, close to Maggie's ear. She started violently, and then her little face all changed. It was her singing friend of the evening before.
- "Are you looking for somebody here, all alone?"
 - "Yes, sir."
 - "Have you got lost?"
- "No, sir. That is, not exactly; but I don't know where they are."
 - "Can I help you?"
- "I don't know where anybody is," said Maggie doubtfully.

- "How is it that you do not know? Do your friends know where you are?"
 - "No, sir. I wish they did."
 - "Where do you suppose they are?"
- "I can't tell. They went away after dinner to go to Goat Island."
 - "And you with them?"
- "O no, sir; I staid with my sister, who could not go; she had a fall and hurt herself."
 - "Where were you?"
- "At Clifton House. We are staying there."
 - "Then how came you to be here?"

Maggie hesitated. "I was brought here by a trick," she said at last.

- "A trick? Whose trick?"
- "The trick of a bad boy," said Maggie. And at this point her self-command gave way. I suppose, having found a friend, there was a little relaxing of the strain which had been upon her; and also the sense of sympathy is very softening, and the naming of

Bolivar's bad behaviour gave it a sudden sharpness of realization. However it were, Maggie's power over her tears was at an end; they came passionately, thick and fast, with smothered sobs.

"Well, I wouldn't do that," said her friend kindly. "Come with me, and let me see if I cannot find some way of help. Come here and tell me more about it. I am all in the dark yet."

He drew Maggie away to a seat under some trees, and was tenderly kind and soothing in manner and words, until she could speak to him. Then he got from her with little difficulty the whole story; for Maggie had no scruple in telling him anything; he had won her full trust.

- "That boy ought to be punished!" said he.
- "There is nobody to punish him," Maggie answered. "And besides, that wouldn't do at all."
 - "Why not?" said her friend smiling.

"Just punishment often does a great deal of good. At any rate it might secure you against such another trick."

"But the trouble is," said Maggie, "I brought him along for something quite different."

"I can imagine that. Pray, for what did you bring him?"

Maggie hesitated and thought. "I wanted to be able to forgive him, —" she said at last slowly.

- "For what?"
- "Something he did that troubled me. He—he—" Maggie swallowed hard, and stopped.
- "I should like to know what he did, that was so hard to bear," said the gentleman. "Worse than this?"
 - "I had a dear little dog."
 - "Yes. Well?"
- "I haven't got it now," said Maggie low.
 - "By this boy's fault?"

Maggie nodded, and added, lower still, "He shot it."

"Is it possible!"

"And then," said Maggie, glad to get away from the thought of the Billing, "I wanted to forgive him; and I felt as if I couldn't; and then I thought—or I heard some one say—it would help if I did Bolivar some kindness. So I asked him to take this journey with us."

- "How has the plan worked?"
- "It has not worked at all."
- "How has that happened? I should have thought your kindness would have had an effect."
- "He is all the while doing disagreeable things, worrying me; and I am getting further and further from loving him; further and further!"
 - "That is the point you wish to reach?"
- "Yes, sir; because it won't be true forgiveness, I mean, I shall not really forgive him, shall I, until I can love him?"

- "Where did you learn that, my child?"
- "Uncle Eden says, that is the real spirit of Christ."
- "And you want to have the real spirit of Christ?"
 - "Yes, sir," said Maggie.
- "Don't you think you had better go to Jesus for it?"

Maggie looked up with a glance of inquiry. Her friend smiled. He had the kindest face in the world, she thought.

- "I have asked him," she said.
- "What?"
- "That he would help me to forgive Bolivar and love him."
 - "Did you believe he would?"

Maggie looked again, very much surprised, and not quite knowing what the gentleman meant. Of course, she thought, she believed that, or she would not have prayed the prayer.

"Did you believe the Lord Jesus would give you a spirit of love to your cousin?" he repeated, with a very sweet and a very earnest look at the same time.

"I believed — yes, I believed he could," said Maggie.

"Did you expect he would?"

Maggie was silent; and then, as her friend remained silent too, waiting, she said,

- "No sir, I didn't exactly expect—I hoped."
- "There was your mistake."
- "But what could I do?" said Maggie.
- "Nothing. Your mistake was to think you could do something. You have not succeeded, have you? Your expedient, of asking your cousin to come with you in the journey, has not worked very well?"
- "No," said Maggie; "because I could not always feel and speak just right.".
- "Precisely. You tried to work yourself into feeling right."
- "What can I do?" said Maggie, looking up wonderingly.
 - "Believe the Lord's words."
 - "I do," said Maggie.

- "Not all of them."
- "What don't I believe?"
- "One or two promises."
- "Which are they?"
- "I'll tell you," said her friend; "but first I want to consult with you about something else. Do you think we had better wait here for the chance of seeing your friends?"

Maggie looked round upon the moving groups of people, and did not answer.

- "They may have already passed us. We do not know which way they may now be going. And if they have not passed us, we might miss them when they do. What do you think?"
- "But I do not know how to get home, unless I can find them."
 - "Home is Clifton House?"
 - "Yes, sir."
 - "I know the way to Clifton House."
- "O thank you, sir!" said little Maggie, and a cloud of care rolled away from her face. "But I shall be a trouble to you, I am afraid."

- "You will be nothing of the kind. Now you would like to go home, wouldn't you?"
 - "O yes, sir."
 - "You do not like the ferry?"

Maggie shrank.

- "Very well; we will take the other way," said her friend; and he left her a minute to go into the hotel and make arrangements.
- "I have ordered a little buggy," said he when he came back; "it will be ready presently."
 - "Couldn't I walk home?"
- "It is too far. I should be very sorry to see your little feet attempting it."
- "I thought you were going away this morning, sir?"
- "So I was, and so I did go away, from Clifton House; but I found here the friend I had been going to meet, at the American."
- "That is good for me," said Maggie.
 "Then you are not going away from Niagara yet?"

"Not quite yet, but soon. Here is our buggy."

And now Maggie felt very happy, to be so nicely driving home with her new friend. She enjoyed it more than she had enjoyed her morning's drive. The air was pleasant though warm, and her friend drove faster than the driver of the carriage in the morning had cared to do; and Maggie was relieved of her troubles and felt as light as a bird. If only she knew how to get along with her treatment of Bolivar! They came to the bridge.

"Won't you tell me, sir, please, which promise in the Bible you think I don't believe?" she asked, when the horse was very gently walking over the plank floor.

"You can tell me if I am mistaken," said her friend; "but I think you do not rightly and really believe this one, which the Lord made to his disciples. — 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.'"

He was silent, and so was Maggie.

"Must I believe that he will certainly do what I ask?" she said then.

"He told them at another time, 'Whatsoever things ye shall ask for when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.'"

"Won't he give them unless I believe that?"

"I tell you his words. Another time he said to some one who came begging of him—
'According to your faith be it unto you.'
And that is his general rule of giving.
Whatever you trust him for, Maggie, he will do for you; no matter what it is; if you trust him. Nothing trusted to Jesus is ever neglected."

"Then will he give me the power to love Bolivar?"

"If you believe his promise and depend upon him. If you are at all depending on yourself, the promise does not hold."

"I didn't know that," said Maggie gravely. They had almost reached the end of the bridge; but, still going slowly, her friend said further,

- "There is another great promise that I am afraid you have not rightly believed."
 - "What one is it?"
- "It is an old promise. The promise of a new covenant, that long ago the Lord told the people he would make with them. And when Jesus was about to die, and he gave his disciples the wine at the last supper with them, he said, 'This is the new covenant in my blood.' So his blood has bought it. You know what a covenant is?"
 - " Yes."
- "Well, this is the covenant. Listen, Maggie. I will give it to you in the words of Ezekiel: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean:'—That is what you want, little Maggie?"
 - "O yes, sir. But does that mean —?"
- "It means just what you want. It goes on.—'From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you.'"

- "Where is that?" Maggie asked eagerly.
- "I will shew you. In the book of the prophet Ezekiel. Isn't that what meets your want? 'From all your filthiness'—then from a revengeful and angry spirit among other things."
- "I don't think I am revengeful," said Maggie slowly—"but Bolivar is grown very disagreeable to me."
- "Well, from an unloving spirit then. Is that your trouble?"
 - "I think so."
- "Does not the promise cover it? 'From all your filthiness . . . will I cleanse you.' There is the promise that he will take it away."
- "But he has not, yet," said Maggie looking up.
- "You did not believe he would. You did not know he had promised, did you?"
 - "Not exactly," said Maggie.
- "Anyhow you did not believe it. But I have not told you the whole. It goes on —

- 'A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you an heart of flesh.'"
- "I want that," said Maggie, looking up again with her eyes swimming.
 - "There is the promise. You may have it."
 - "What must I do?"
- "Just believe the Lord will do as he has said. It goes on still further, 'And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them.'"
- "Then people can certainly be good!" exclaimed Maggie.
 - "Who doubts it?"
- "But we were talking about how good people can be."
 - "Who are 'we'?"
- "Uncle Eden, and Meredith,—he's our friend, and he's O so good!—and I. And there's Flora and Esther, too; one is my sister, and the other is Meredith's sister;

but they don't care so much about it. And we were going to see what the Bible says, and to find out the meaning of 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

"I wish I could be on hand too, when you do that," said her friend.

"O won't you, sir?" cried Maggie. "Won't you come with us? We shall go to some nice place, where we can be alone, and take our Bibles. Will you come?"

"I shouldn't like to intrude," said the gentleman, "but there is no doubt I should like to be there. You see, you and I have struck up an acquaintance; but I have not the honour to be known to your friends."

"O but, that wouldn't take long," said Maggie.

"Perhaps not. Well, we shall see."

They drove on now, merrily, and Maggie enjoyed it wonderfully. This end of her adventure was so happy and pleasant. As they drew near Clifton House the driver slackened the horse's pace.

"Now are you going to meet that cousin of yours again, without protection?" said he, half earnestly.

"I don't know," said Maggie. "I do not know where he is. O I am not afraid of him now."

"Then I can do nothing more for you?"

"You have done a great deal!" said Maggie gratefully. "Won't you come with us when we go to have that talk, sir?"

"But there is another difficulty — You see, I do not know when it will be."

"It won't be this afternoon," said Maggie, "for there won't be time. Couldn't I send you word?" she asked with sudden light in her face.

"Well, never mind," said her friend; "perhaps I will come and see you first. But I should be very glad to get a letter from you. If you direct—stay—There, at the American Hotel."

He dived into his pocket and brought out a card which he gave Maggie. Then they drew up before the door; he helped her out, smiled, lifted his hat, and drove away. Maggie looked after him, and then looked at the card. On it was written,

"REV. G. L. WIDMEN."

CHAPTER XVI.

MAGGIE went slowly into the house and up the great stairs. She had dreaded meeting Bolivar, but not seeing him anywhere, as indeed Bolivar was far enough off, she turned to another thought.

"A clean heart and a right spirit"!—she said to herself. O can it be, that Jesus will give it to me, and make me "clean"? But he certainly will, for he has promised, and I have only to trust him. O how glad I am! and how I love him! I never thought he would do so much as that for me, but he has promised; and now I needn't be full of disagreeable feelings and ugly feelings any more. O how I love him! And so he is a Saviour two ways; and I love him as much for this as for the other. Jesus will help me. I shall

just trust him, because I can't do anything at all.

Thinking this busily, Maggie presently found she had come up one flight of stairs more than she ought; she went down again. What should she do about Bolivar? tell, or not? She had not thought of keeping silence about his behaviour until now; now it seemed to her the best thing to do. Could she manage it? That was very doubtful.

Circumstances were favourable. She found Esther asleep in the warm summer afternoon; and so she sat down by the window to think over things. The sunny rays that lighted and warmed all the world, were not more bright or gentle than the light that seemed to fill her heart; instead of thinking about Bolivar her mind went to quite different subjects. What a Saviour I have got! she was saying to herself; and I never knew it before. And he will be with me and help me, when I cannot help myself; and I never can help

myself; I must just trust him all the time, and he will be with me all the time. I do love him! I do love him! I never knew what he is before. And now nothing is difficult; for it is Jesus that will do it, and not I. O Niagara falls, how pretty you are! . . . And by and by, as Maggie went on to consider the question of Bolivar, it seemed to her much the best plan to say nothing about him. Let the whole thing go; she had got no harm; it would be far nicer to make no disturbance; and Maggie knew that, kind as her uncle was wont to be to everybody, even to evil-doers, he would yet be exceedingly displeased if he knew of the escapade of that afternoon. She resolved she would say nothing at all about the matter. She watched Esther asleep with the rope of white stones lying over her hands, but Maggie felt far the happier of the two, with no stones at all. Yet the white, polished, pure trinkets were very desirable in her eyes. At last Esther woke up.

- "Are you there, Maggie? you've been gone a great while."
 - "You have been asleep."
- "No, I haven't. I just lost myself a minute. What made you stay so?"
- "Why Esther, I have been home ever so long, and you have been fast asleep. You didn't know when I came in."
- "I know you might have come sooner. O dear, I'm so tired! This has been such a long day."
- "It has been a nice day," said Maggie, with a profound feeling of the truth of her saying.
- "O to you, I dare say. You are sure to be taken care of where Meredith Franklin is. Have they not got home yet?"
 - " No."
- "I don't think Niagara is half as nice as Trenton Falls."
- "O don't you? I think it is ever so much nicer."
 - "You wouldn't, if you had to lie here."

- "Yes, but you might have fallen down and hurt yourself at Trenton Falls just as well."
 - "But I didn't."
- "At any rate, this room and your bed are not Niagara."
- "They are my Niagara," said Esther very discontentedly. "I wonder if I can go down to tea?"
- "Uncle Eden said he thought so. Here they are back! Well, Flora, have you had a nice time?"
- "Meredith wants to see you on the balcony," was the answer.

Maggie went to the balcony, much afraid that Meredith was going to speak of the events of that afternoon. But Meredith did not look like a person out of humour.

"Look here, Maggie," said he, "you gave your chain to Esther. I have brought you something to remember Niagara by. See—"

As he spoke he unfolded from its wrapping paper a large, lovely agate stone; on one face

cut and polished, and there shewing such hues and shadings and lines and tints of colour that Maggie was almost breathless with admiration and joy.

"Oh Ditto!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Just a Lake Superior agate. You can use it for a paperweight—to keep your papers from blowing about in a wind."

"What papers?"

"Any papers," said Meredith laughing; "your drawing, or a letter, or anything that you want to have stay on the table instead of flying over the floor when the wind blows in at an open window."

"O thank you, Ditto!" Maggie was in a state of absorption.

"What sort of an afternoon have you had?"

"O good," said Maggie. "Part of it was very good."

"How came that?"

"I saw that gentleman again, who I told

you sang so beautifully up here Sunday evening."

- "Oh did you! What is his name?"
- "He's a clergyman. His name is Mr. Widmen."
 - "German," said Meredith.
- "No, he isn't; he's American. I mean, he speaks English."

Meredith shewed no more curiosity; and Maggie congratulated herself. Mr. Murray too troubled her with no questions. But when they all went down to tea, Bolivar was not there. Maggie guessed that he was looking for her somewhere and in trouble about finding her; she thought it was a good lesson for him; nevertheless she wished she could let him know he had no need. Supper was over, almost all the people had left the tea tables, when at last Bolivar straggled in. One or two other late-comers were with him. His face wore a very peculiar look, as his eye went from one to another of the party; they had lin-

gered there on purpose to wait for him. Maggie kept still.

"Well!" said Mr. Murray cheerfully, "where have you been?"

Bolivar growled, that he had been all over creation.

"That's trying to do too much at once," said Meredith.

Bolivar looked up from his supper which he had begun to bolt, and darted a troubled look of inquiry at young Franklin, then at Mr. Murray, and then at Maggie. However, Maggie did not look at him at all; and Bolivar began to handle his knife and fork more quietly, for up to this time he had been bolting his food like a person who was short of time. To his surprise, nothing further followed; the party waited a while goodnaturedly for him, then gradually forsook the table; Maggie with her uncle.

Now she'll tell—thought Bolivar. And nobody saw him again that night. At breakfast he appeared late, and wearing a very obstinate face. But nobody took much notice, except Maggie, who knew what it meant.

For this morning the plan was a long drive on the Canada side, to see various curiosities. Esther was well enough to go out in the carriage; so now their numbers were one too many. Meredith volunteered to stay. Bolivar outbid him, and declared he would just as lief find amusement round the Falls. Then Meredith said he would hire a buggy, and they would go with two carriages, which would hold all.

"Yes, that's nice," said Maggie. "Because, I think, Bolivar, you would like to see the burning spring, wouldn't you? and Lundy's Lane battlefield?"

Maggie said this with such a simple expression of unconstrained good will, that even her uncle looked at her; and Bolivar was exceedingly at a loss. He did not know how to believe his ears, but he was now sure that Maggie had made no revelation of his

yesterday's behaviour. And though he was ready to have braved it out, yet he knew that the revelation would have made him very odious to all the rest of the party; and nobody likes the feeling of that, whether deserved or not. Now the words stuck in his throat; and before he could speak clearly, Meredith had gone to order the buggy and the thing was decided.

At the same moment nearly, a card was brought to Mr. Murray, who looked at it and then handed it over to Maggie. "What friend of your's is this?" said he. "I do not know the name."

"Mr. Widmen! O I know.—I'm so glad!" said Maggie. "Uncle Eden, come and see him. I want you to know him. Won't you? He is so nice."

Mr. Murray went smiling, and Maggie had the pleasure of seeing the two gentlemen shake hands. It was not till Mr. Widmen turned to her and asked how she did today, that she recollected the possibility of his making known what she now wished to keep secret. What should she do? But Maggie could trust her uncle and her uncle could trust her. So she spoke out.

"Mr. Widmen, please don't say anything of something I told you yesterday. I think it had better not be spoken of?"

"Where did you see Mr. Widmen yesterday?" Mr. Murray inquired.

"I saw him for a good while, when you were at Goats Island, uncle Eden."

"And we had a good deal of talk," said the other gentleman; "which interested me so much that I was desirous of knowing how my little friend felt about the subject to-day."

"O uncle Eden!" Maggie broke out again, "Mr. Widmen wants to hear our talk about goodness, — you know."

Both gentlemen laughed; but as each liked the looks of the other there was no dissent from the proposition. Indeed, after a little conversation, it was with equal pleas-

ure that the one gave and the other accepted an invitation to accompany the party on the expedition to the country. Great was Maggie's delight.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE day promised to be very warm, so they set out as soon as all was ready. The barouche was filled by Maggie and Flora and Esther and Mr. Murray, with Mr. Widmen; the two boys went in the buggy. Before they set out Maggie had seized a chance to present her cousin Bolivar to her new friend. The greeting of this latter was both courteous and kind; and Bolivar, who knew now that Maggie had not chosen to betray him to his friends, and never dreamed that this stranger could be in the secret, was moderate and modest in look and manner beyond his wont. Maggie and he mutually wondered at each other, though Bolivar wondered far the most. He liked Meredith, so the drive to Lundy's Lane went very well. Here the

carriages halted; the people got out and went to a house for a drink of water.

- "What was done here?" Flora asked.
- "A battle, I know; but what for?"
- "What is any battle for?" said Bolivar.

 "To see which side can kill most of the other."
- "No, no," said Meredith; "no battle is for that."
- "To see which side will hold out longest, then; whoever has the most pluck."
- "But they don't do that for fun," said Flora.
- "No. The common soldiers do it for hire; the officers for promotion."
 - "For honour," said Meredith.
- "Well, what's honour? Isn't it higher rank and an epaulette?"
- "Don't you think there is such a thing as a brave doing of one's duty?" asked Mr. Widmen, whose ear, though he had been talking with Mr. Murray, had caught the words. "Don't you think there is such a

thing as a noble facing of danger for others' sake?"

- "Not in a battle," said Bolivar.
- "Why not?"
- "In a battle it is all cut and slash; pound and pepper; and I don't believe anybody thinks of anything but just to pound hardest."
- "Granted; but there is a feeling, back of the pounding, that makes his arm strong to strike. What is that?"
 - "Pride," said the boy.
 - "Oh, patriotism!" cried Esther.
 - "Just discipline, often," said Meredith.
- "And often blind excitement," added Mr. Murray. "Still, there is something else also at work; and the just cause commands the best muscle."
 - "O Mr. Murray!—" Flora began.
 - "Other things being equal, Miss Flora."
- "Well, who had the right of it here? and who were fighting, to begin with?"

Mr. Murray went into a long explanation,

to which the young ones listened attentively.

"I don't see that this battlefield is any such great thing to see," was Flora's_comment when he had done.

"The most interesting thing I ever heard about the battle," said Mr. Widmen, "concerned a horse. One of the generals in command had his horse shot under him. The creature's leg was broken, or so injured that it was useless. The general took another horse and the fight swept on, leaving the poor wounded creature to die. The battle was fought some three quarters of a mile from the encampment, to which the troops fell back when their day's work was done. What was not the general's astonishment, early the next morning, to hear a neigh which sounded marvellously like the voice of his lost favorite. He could not believe his ears; but when the day was fully come, his eyes convinced him. There was the creature, near his tent, which, left on the field for lost, had managed to limp back on three legs all the distance of the way to be by his master's side again."

"I think animals do have a hard time of it in this world," said Flora. "We use them and abuse them, and they get the worst, whether we quarrel or work or play. Look at those poor creatures now, that have to drag us through this hot sun! And what foolish work fighting is!"

"The world is somewhat in disorder," said Mr. Murray smiling; "however, Miss Flora, our horses must take us a little further, if you please."

So they drove on to the Burning Spring. To all the young ones this was a delightful curiosity; and Mr. Widmen was amused to hear Mr. Murray called upon for a long detailed chemical and philosophical discussion of its nature and causes, as they drove on further.

"You have an enquiring set of young people!" he remarked when the lecture was over.

- "Want to get to the bottom of everything!"
 - "The Bible among the rest."
 - "Some of us," said Mr. Murray soberly.
- "I am sure, Mr. Murray," Flora began, "I like to understand your Bible talks too if I could. I don't always."
- "Are they so difficult?" said Mr. Widmen.
 - "Sometimes they seem so."
- "Where shall we have ours to-day?" Maggie asked.
- "To-day? are we going to have a Bible talk to-day?" Flora demanded quickly.
 - "As soon as we come to a good place."
- "We shall not find a good place till we get back to the Hotel."
- "I see, partly, I think, why these talks are difficult to understand, Miss Flora," said the stranger.
 - " Why, sir?"
 - "You are not fond of them."
- "Well," said Flora, "I am not always fond of very deep discussions."

"Unless the subject interests you a good deal."

"There are enough of us who are interested," said Flora good-naturedly. "Maggie is over head and ears in delight as soon as they begin. So is my brother."

"I am interested too," said Esther. "Bolivar isn't."

"Where are we going now, uncle Eden?" said Maggie.

"We shall stop presently, and then you will see. We are going to get a new view of the rapids."

The carriages came to a halt, near an old mill standing on the shore of the river, beside which a sort of wharf or quay had once been constructed; now unused. The whole party left the carriages and went down on this old quay, close to the raging flood, which here in its full volume was dashing and struggling along in mad haste. It was fearful to look upon.

"There is no getting out, for who gets in there," observed Mr. Widmen. "People are very foolish who try it on," said Bolivar; "and yet they say somebody goes over the Falls every year."

"Nobody tries it on, to use your expression, here," said Mr. Murray. "You forget. People go on the river far above, where all seems safe; then get drawn on, and drawn in."

"But how can they be such fools?" repeated the boy.

"In the same manner as drinkers who begin by a moderate and temperate glass of wine; they never intend to go beyond their control. In the same manner as people who begin by being too careful of their gains; nobody means to end by being a drivelling miser. And so on."

"But do passion and self-will get to be so irresistible as these rapids?" said Meredith, eying the terrible flood.

"Yes," repeated Bolivar. "For that is what you say."

"That is a matter of every day experience."

"Then people are not accountable," said Bolivar.

"Can't we have our Bible talk here?" asked Mr. Widmen.

There was a general acclaim, only Bolivar was silent. They went back from the edge of the water to a place where they found seats in the shade, and the Bibles were brought out. Furthest off of all, Bolivar had seated himself to listen and criticize. He was quite startled at a soft little voice which spoke just at his elbow.

- "You have got no Bible, Bolivar; would you like to look over mine?"
- "What is the subject?" Mr. Widmen asked.
 - "The last petition of the Lord's prayer."
- "Uncle Eden," said Maggie, "I thought it was—I thought we were going to talk about how good we can be, or ought to be?"
- "We will approach the subject on that side, Maggie."

"And what is your plan?" asked their new friend.

"Let us all see what the Bible commands on the subject; that first. I will begin with Gen. 17, the Lord's word to Abraham—'I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect."

"I thought nobody was perfect," mumbled Bolivar.

"I will go on with a word out of the 5th Matthew"—said Mr. Widmen. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

"But how can we?" cried Flora; "if you take these words literally."

"What right have we to take them any way but literally?"

"But sir," said Flora, "how can a creature, such as we are, be perfect as God is?"

"That is perfect which perfectly fills its place and does its work, is it not? An iron bolt of a wagon that fits and holds and is good sound wrought iron, is perfect in its way, isn't it? though it has not the properties of fine steel, and is not delicate or usable as a needle. And a needle may be quite perfect, may it not, without being made of gold?"

"But the perfection here spoken of is goodness," said Flora; "and we are sinful creatures."

"Therefore the perfection demanded of us is the perfection of a sinful creature, whose whole nature has been broken and his properties tainted by sin."

"What sort of perfection is that?" said Bolivar scornfully, and Meredith eagerly, both in the same breath.

"When all a man's heart is the Lord's, and his whole life and powers and affections are for God, and given to God, and used for God, and nothing kept back, then he is all he can be at that point of his existence. From that time he may, and will, go on growing in the knowledge of Christ and in love to him and in likeness to him; there

is no perfection that stops growing; but he is what the Bible calls perfect, for it is no longer he that lives, but Christ lives in him."

There was a short silence. Then Mr. Murray read another verse from Phil. 2.

- "'That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world."
- "Beautiful it is," said Meredith; "but 'blameless and harmless'! I never supposed people could live so."
- "' Wherefore, beloved, seeing ye look for such things,' (that is, the promise of joys and glories to come,) 'be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.'"
- "I always thought that meant—" said Meredith,
 - "Full of spots!"-
 - "Yes, I did; only honest and faithful."

"If that had been the Lord's meaning, he would have said so. On the contrary he says that 'whosoever abideth in him sinneth not.'"

"But Christians do sin?" said Meredith startled.

"Because they do not abide in him. Don't you know why he was called Jesus?—'For he shall save his people from their sins.'"

"That means, from punishment," said Flora.

"Nay — don't you recollect Zechariah's rejoicing at the time of the birth of the Forerunner? — 'That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.'"

"O how beautiful!" exclaimed Meredith.

"O how beautiful! But does it mean that?"

"The promise is," Mr. Murray answered,

"that 'sin shall not have dominion over you.'
For God declares to us that he 'is able to
do exceeding abundantly above all that we

ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

"Now hear what he promises and offers—" Mr. Widmen added. "'Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ."

"'And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Blameless!"—Flora repeated.

"Spirit and soul and body —" Meredith said slowly. "That means the whole."

"'Perfect, in every good work, to do his will,'" added Mr. Murray. "That is a pretty exhaustive description of Christian life!"

"But I thought," objected Flora, "that nobody is perfect?"

- "Nobody is. We disposed of that subject a little while ago. If you remember, the word is, 'through Jesus Christ.' It is his goodness, not yours; and his strength, not yours."
 - "But is such living possible?"
- "These follow from the last words I read 'Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."
- "But people cannot overcome all at once their disagreeable tempers," said Flora.
 - "Quite true; they cannot."
- "And people cannot always help liking to do wrong things. I like to do some things that I suppose you would say I ought not. I can't help liking them."
 - "You feel that that excuses you?" Flora hesitated.
- "Please answer. Do you feel, supposing the things to be really wrong, that you are nevertheless excused?"
- "You know you are not, Flora," said her brother.

- "But I can't help liking them."
- "Does that make the account square?"
- "Well, Mr. Widmen, you just said it was true, and that I could not do some things."
- "Then what does the Lord's command mean?"
 - "But nobody lives so."
- "Still, what does the command mean? That we should each make up his mind how near we would like to come to it, and try for that point?"
- "But you can't try for what is impossible."
- "No, you cannot. Does your reasoning mean that we should not try to do what God says?"
 - "That puzzles me," said Meredith.
- "You are all puzzled, except one or two," said the speaker, looking round upon the faces before him.
 - "Which?" cried Flora.
- "Your uncle understands me. And I see by Maggie's face that she does. I think I see it."

"Maggie!" exclaimed Esther, looking round at her. "How can Maggie understand it?"

"By the best of ways. It is written, 'Thy children shall be all taught of the Lord;' and indeed there is no other teaching."

"Maggie, what do you know that we don't know?" Meredith asked, also looking round at her.

"I don't know anything," said Maggie smiling. "I was only thinking of what Mr. Widmen said once, — that if we trust Jesus to do anything for us, he will do it."

"She has got the secret!" said their new friend. "It is all Christ."

"But," said Meredith, looking eager and troubled, "has he promised to do this for us?"

"He has promised to do everything for you, that you trust him with. He says he is 'able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.' 'If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.'

But it is always 'according to your faith,' also."

"He has put no limits at all to that promise," said Meredith meditating.

"No limits at all."

There ensued a singular silence; and Mr. Widmen quietly observed the very different expression on the different faces in the circle. Maggie was sunshiny, as if she were in a sort of happy dream. Bolivar watching her curiously. Meredith thinking hard, with a face by no means at rest. Flora dark, and Esther bored. Mr. Widmen looked, and sighed.

"Ah," said he, "you feel this comes home! If God wills that you should walk with spotless garments, then you feel you ought to will it too."

"Don't we?" said Flora.

" Do you?"

The silence set in again, and Meredith covered his face. The roar of the rapids was the only thing heard, beside the roar of the distant Falls; a wild, fearful sound,

more fearful by far than that. The billowy, eddying, foaming haste of the deep current was here in its utmost power. At the cataract, things have reached their conclusion, and there is only the steady inevitable sweep and curve of the waters into their abyss; here further up, is the struggle and the opposition and the mad fight to get their way. The party were all silent a good while, apparently becoming absorbed in looking and listening. Perhaps they were some of them as busily thinking.

- "I shall never forget Niagara," said Flora at last.
 - "Not the rapids," said Mr. Widmen.
 - "This view of them especially."
- "No. It will be a remembrance either of joy or sorrow to you forever, after this morning."

Flora made no answer, but Meredith got up with a look of determination upon his face; and the others followed. It was time for them to retake their places in the carriages.

- "How long do you stay?" Mr. Widmen-asked, as they drove back through a very hot sun.
- "Over to-morrow. We came for health as much as for pleasure."
- "I wish I could stay over to-morrow, and have some more pleasure with you."
 - "When must you go?"
- "In the morning. Have you seen everything?"
 - "Not the whirlpool yet."
 - "Can't we go together this afternoon?" Which was decided upon by acclamation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

During the hot hours after dinner they all kept to their rooms and tried to get cool and to rest. Maggie however did not mind the heat. She had some busy pages to write up in her journal; and sat by the window which looked out to the American fall, writing, writing, quite forgetting to be hot or uncomfortable, which was the sole pastime her companions found for themselves.

- "I wish I could wear my white stones," said Esther. "Aren't they beautiful?"
- "Very. O dear! this room is stifling; no air gets in. Hotels are dreadful places."
- "But I can't wear them," Esther went on. "I can do nothing with them."
- "Keep them till you are old enough to wear them."

- "But perhaps they will not be in fashion then."
 - "Perhaps not," said Flora yawning.
 - "Then what use are they?"
- "A memorial of Niagara. Do see that child! What are you writing, Maggie?"
 - "I have been writing my journal."
- "And what are you writing now? You've been two hours, I should think."
 - "I am writing to mamma."
- "O dear, and I ought to write to mine. I haven't written a letter since I came away."
- "Nor have I," said Esther. "I couldn't. There has been too much to do, one thing after another. It will do just as well, to tell them everything after we get home."
- "I am not so sure of that," said Flora.

 "In the first place, one never does tell everything after one gets home. Maggie, I wish you wouldn't write!"
 - "Why, Flora?"
- "You make me restless. Aren't you tired?"

- "Yes, a little," said Maggie, with the old shrug of the shoulders.
 - "It's too hot to write?"
 - "I suppose it is just as hot at Leeds."
- "Leeds! It's twice as hot there. If there is a cool place anywhere, I suppose it's Niagara. It's very uncommon to have such a hot time here."

Maggie went on busily writing.

- "Look at her!" said Flora. That is because she thinks she must, I suppose."
- "No, it isn't," said Maggie. "It is because I thought mamma would like to get a letter; and if it is hot there, it will refresh her."
- "Are you going to send her such a cold letter as that?"
- "No," said Maggie; "but I am putting some of the spray of the Falls in."

Flora laughed, but declared that Maggie made her uncomfortable.

"It don't make me uncomfortable," said Esther. "Maggie has set out to be one of the perfect people, you see. I haven't." "If she ought, I suppose you and I ought,"; said Flora. "Only I can't. I know if I began I shouldn't go on; and it is better not to begin. Do see her writing there in all this melting heat!"

The heat was in fact so great that the drive to the whirlpool was put off till late in the afternoon. Even then it was warm; but they all set out with a sense of relief at getting into the open air. Sultry and dusty, it was yet better than the close air of the house; by the time they stopped on the bank above the whirlpool the weather had grown a little more temperate. They all scrambled down the steep descent to the border of the basin.

The river here makes a sharp bend, and the current rushing against the opposite shore comes round in a furious eddy and whirls about and about; things floated hither sometimes go round and round for days before they can find a way out. With that, the force and pressure of the waters is such that in the centre of the gulf they are raised up a dozen feet above the edges; people standing on opposite sides of the whirlpool could not see each other. The rapids show hardly anywhere madder than here; and above this wild rage of waters, high up, are the delicate lines of the suspension bridge, straight across from shore to shore. The two gentlemen got a little detached from the rest in conversation, and the young ones were left alone.

- "I should like to be out there in a boat," said Bolivar.
 - "O Bol, you wouldn't!" said Esther.
- "Why wouldn't I? There would be no danger, if a man knew how to steer."
- "There would be the greatest danger," said Meredith. "The 'Maid of the Mist' went through once, guided by a man who knew very well how to steer, but nobody expected to see her get through."
- "That proves what I said. It is my principle that a man can do anything, if he

knows how. I should like to be in a little boat there, and shew you."

"A little boat!" said Meredith. "The 'Maid of the Mist' was a small steamer. A little boat would be dashed to pieces."

"That is what people always say, till the egg is broken," replied Bolivar. "A hundred years ago nobody would have believed that that bridge could have been thrown across."

"It wasn't thrown across, was it?" asked Maggie with a face of such innocent and absolute wonderment that all the others burst out into laughter. Bolivar meanwhile, to help out his bragging, had stepped forward upon an ugly stone just on the edge of the water; and as he forgot himself in laughter his foot slipped; he fell; in another second the current would have taken him and given him proof positive of its power; but even as he slipped, Meredith had at the same instant thrown himself forward across the stone and caught Bolivar by one foot.

He held fast with his great strength; Bolivar made a desperate exertion of all he had; and within much less than a minute he had fallen and been recovered, and sat upon the shore, a panting and pale boy, all his bluster well out of him for that time. Every face was blanched; nevertheless, as all the world knows, boys are not given to sentiment.

"How do you find yourself after that, old fellow?" said Meredith.

"What did you do it for?" said Flora, "and frighten us all to death!"

"What do you mean, Bolivar?" said Esther.

"Well, I didn't mean to go swimming just here," said the boy. "Anybody's foot can slip, I suppose, if he isn't minding."

"Come away!" said Flora shuddering; "it's a horrid place, as ever I saw; awful! come away. I shall not breathe free till I get to the top of the bank again."

She turned to go and Esther followed her.

Meredith went to speak to the two gentlemen; but Bolivar did not stir. Then he felt a little hand slipped into his, and looking up, met the wistful look of two tender, serious eyes.

"Did you hurt yourself, Bolivar?" said the little girl. She did not know herself how tenderly she said it; she was speaking from no sense of duty; the words came out as sweet and true as if Bolivar had been one of her dearest friends. The boy felt it. No other one of them all, not Meredith, had spoken to him so. Maggie repeated her question anxiously.

"My leg hurts me," said he. "Hush! don't say a word about it. I guess I can get up to the top of the bank. Keep dark."

How Bolivar got to the top of the bank was best known to himself. He was the last of the party, and Maggie had purposely delayed behind all the others that she might be near him. She looked back at him often as they toiled up the steep way, and once or

twice put out her little hand to help him, for she could see that Bolivar had difficulty in getting along. But he shook his head, and grasped tree branches or rocks or whatever he could lay hold of that was firm; so at last the top of the bank was gained. They entered the carriages again and drove a little further to a place called the Devil's hole; and there they got out again and sat upon the bank, to look and rest and talk.

- "Does it hurt you, Bolivar?" Maggie whispered. She was sitting next him.
 - " Plaguily!"
 - "Don't you want to go right home?"
 - "Hush! Say nothing."
 - "But don't you want something?"
 - "No, no. Don't speak of it."

Maggie was very uneasy, for she saw that Bolivar was suffering. However, she sat back in her place and was silent, as he bade her, but it was with a wistful little face of concern which the boy saw with unbounded surprise and which went further on the spot to gain his good will than a whole Congress of speeches. The sun was low; there was a faint stir of the evening air; they were all inclined to sit still and talk; except Bolivar, who was in pain, and Maggie who alone knew the fact.

"After all, Mr. Widmen," Flora said, "we did not talk about the Lord's prayer this morning?"

"About the last petition in it we did," said he, looking at her with a pleasant, comical smile.

"We said nothing about 'Lead us not into temptation'?"

"We did though about 'Deliver us from evil'; and the two petitions are essentially one."

"But I don't see how."

"What is temptation?"

"Why, — it is having something or some one tempt us; I mean! — try to make us do wrong."

"Does God ever try to make any one do wrong?"

"No, of course not."

"Of course not. Yet it is written that 'God did tempt Abraham.' And it is written, 'My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.' — What will you make of that?"

"And then," Mr. Murray added, "it is also written, 'God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man."

"It seems a contradiction," said Meredith.

"But the Bible never really contradicts itself. Being absolute truth, it cannot."

"Then what does it mean?"

"Only a very common thing—that the word temptation is used in different acceptations. See, it is one thing to have outward trials, which involve what we call temptation; that is, in one way or other they offer occasion and allurement to our evil nature. Poverty, we say, tempts a man to steal; insults tempt him to anger; pain tempts him to impatience and bitter thoughts. In all

these ways and a million others our evil nature is appealed to. That is outward temptation, or trial. 'Lead us not into temptation' does not ask that we shall be kept from these."

"Why not?" said Flora.

"Because they are blessings, if they are taken right."

"Blessings!" cried Flora. "O Mr. Widmen, are you one of those people who preach trouble?"

He smiled at her very kindly.

"Are you afraid of trouble?"

"Yes, hugely."

"So is almost everybody. But when God lets it come to his dear children, he means them nothing but good. 'I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried'—and then it follows—'They shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God.' It pays"—

said Mr. Widmen, with that same kind look at her.

"But couldn't they have that and be that, without going through the fire first?"

"How shall the gold be refined? The Lord would not take a painful way if there were any other. And 'the trial of your faith, though it be tried with fire,' shall 'be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

- "But must everybody be tried so?"
- "Not everybody alike."
- "I do not just see how such trials do such work," Meredith remarked.
- "If taken lovingly, from God, 'tribulation worketh patience'— that is, quiet waiting on him; and such waiting is sure to bring experience of his love and grace; and such experience necessarily worketh a hope in him which is never made ashamed. Besides, dear friends, to be quite out of temptation in this sense, we must go out of the world; and Jesus said for his own—'I pray not that

thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

"That's the Lord's prayer again," said Meredith. "'Deliver us from evil.' Then what sort of temptation do we pray to be kept from?"

"The temptation which comes from the stirring of our own wishes. 'Every man is tempted, when he is drawn aside of his own lust, and enticed.' Satan tempts us to do evil; God never does; but even Satan's temptation does us no harm, till our own hearts begin to join with his persuasions."

"And will Christ deliver us from that?" cried Meredith.

"Don't you know, — 'he shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins?"

"I thought that meant —" Flora began.

"And don't you recollect he said, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it'?"

- "But that does not mean everything?" said Meredith.
 - "He said 'anything."
 - "But anything!"—said Meredith.
 - "You think we can ask too much?"
 - "But may we not?"
- "Not in faith. Whatever you trust the Lord Jesus Christ for, he will do it. And he says he is 'able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.' Now where are your objections?"
 - "Ashamed!" said Meredith.
- "Writing to Christians, the apostle John says, as a well-known fact, 'And whatso-ever we ask, we receive of him.' And, 'This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us.' There is no limit, except the limits put by our own unbelief."
- "And that is what 'Lead us not into temptation' means!" said Flora.
- "It means, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.' And the promise is, 'Sin shall not

have dominion over you, because ye are not under the law but under grace."

- "The last part of the Lord's prayer is the best," said Maggie.
 - "For those who want to be pure."
 - "Doesn't everybody?" said Flora.
- "By 'pure' I meant free from sin. No, Miss Flora; it is comparatively a rare thing. People are often very desirous to be made pure in all but one or two points; provided they may keep their own will in those points, they are very willing to yield up all the rest."
- "Well, that is natural, I suppose," said the young lady.
- "Very natural. Our own will, in some form or other, is the very thing that makes head against God's demands upon us. Mr. Murray, I don't wish to disturb anything so pleasant as this talk—but I am under the necessity of seeing somebody at the hotel this evening—"

They all rose with expressions of sorrow.

Maggie only was attending to Bolivar and offering a very powerless little hand to help him up. He noticed though he did not take it; carefully he propped and lifted himself, but he had to limp to the carriage with his hand on Meredith's shoulder. And when they arrived at the Hotel, it was with very great pain and difficulty that he got out again. Mount the stairs he could not. He was carried up to his room and a doctor sent for. The doctor found no bones broken but the ankle badly sprained. Bolivar must be kept absolutely still for some time, he said. He certainly could not travel.

CHAPTER XIX.

A COUNCIL was held round Bolivar's couch, where Meredith was bathing the sprained ankle with cold water. What was to be done?

- "I must go home," said Bolivar.
- "You can't, old fellow," said Meredith.
- "But I tell you, I can't stay here. Five dollars a day will ruin anybody very soon who has not such a long pocket as yours."
- "We'll arrange that, so that you shall not be ruined this time."
- "But I tell you! I'll not stay at your expense, neither."
- "You've got to stay somehow, old fellow; the question is about the rest of us. I will stay for one; and I suppose that will be enough."
 - "O I'll stay too," cried Maggie.

"Do you really wish that, Maggie?" her uncle asked.

"O very much, uncle Eden! Please let me stay! I would like it."

"Then I will take Miss Flora home, and Esther, and come back to take care of you all three. If we could get a room, or rooms rather, in some farmhouse, that would be better."

Flora and Esther were a little inclined to be of the party that were to remain; however, Mr. Murray negatived that for one of them and Meredith for the other; and it was decided that they three should take an early morning train next day. Then Mr. Murray set about inquiries for lodgings. They would have been fruitless; but that Mr. Widmen when he came to take leave of them learned what his friend wanted. Now he knew the neighbourhood well, and he knew of a cottage a quarter of a mile from the falls on the Canada side, where a poor woman lived, who would be glad to take them in if they would

be contented with plain rooms and plain fare. Mr. Murray went with him at once to see the woman and the place; found both would do; engaged rooms and agreed upon terms. That was all he could do that day. Next morning he left Niagara with the two girls; and Meredith engaged men to carry Bolivar to the cottage. Maggie and he walked by his side; Maggie increasingly full of delight at the new scenes and adventures their visit to Niagara was developing.

The little farmhouse to which they were going lay in a pleasant open country; not distinguished for anything in particular except its cool healthy atmosphere. The house had a neat little parlour, they found; but no piece of furniture in it would receive the sprained ankle. The bedrooms were unavailable also for this; small and close; Bolivar could not possibly be committed to one of them to pass his days and nights. He was laid upon the floor of the parlour temporarily, with a bundle under his head.

- "Now I am like a tramp —" said he.
- "Not much," replied Meredith. "Tramps do not usually inhabit ceiled houses."
- "Ceiled houses!" said Bolivar. "Do you call that a ceiling? that one must take off one's hat to."
- "Not quite so bad. But I must have you a little more civilized, and get you off the floor somehow."

So he set about it. There was not a sofa in the house. Meredith lashed four chairs together with ropes; got bits of carpet and comfortables from the woman of the house, which he folded and laid and arranged and disposed, until he had made a comfortable couch of them. With a pillow or two under his head, and upon a white spread thrown over the chairs and comfortables, Bolivar confessed at last that it would answer the purpose very well. All this took up time. I think it was twelve o'clock or later before he was established in quiet on his couch under one of the little windows.

- "Now," said Meredith, "the difficult thing is, what are we going to do?"
- "You'll run about, I suppose, and I shall lie here," Bolivar answered with something between a grunt and a groan.
- "Is that your view of the case? It isn't mine."
- "Nor mine," added Maggie. "Why we are here to take care of you, Bolivar."
- "Take care of me!" said he, rather thickly; "there's nothing to do but leave me and my foot together."
- "Then we shall not do it," said Meredith. "And that is not quite all, neither."

And then he set about attending to the lame ankle; bathed it for a long while, fresh bandaged it, and almost put Bolivar to sleep with the comfort of his ministrations.

- "Now, Maggie," said he, "what is the next thing?"
- "I suppose, dinner, Ditto; I'm very hungry."
 - "We'll see about it. I am afraid it will

not be as good as our sweet potatoes on our desert island. It won't be Clifton House, neither."

Bolivar was quiet, for that minute, or he would have said something not complimentary to their lodgings. Meredith went to order the dinner, and Maggie placed herself at the window.

- "What do you see?" said Bolivar at length lazily.
 - "Not much."
- "Well, not much is something, I suppose. I lie here and can't see anything beyond the room. What do you see?"
 - "Fields."
 - "Disgusting. Is that all?"
- "A little bit of a garden here in front—I don't know if you can call it a garden, but there are flowers. There is cockscomb, and coreopsis, and some red poppies, and lady's slipper, and larkspur. More cockscomb than anything else."

[&]quot;Is that all?"

- "Well, there is the road. And there is a duck waddling along among the flowers."
 - "What shall we ever do here!"
- "Find out how clever we are," said Meredith coming in now; "and first of all, we'll have something to eat."

But indeed it was not Clifton House fare. Yet it was not bad, what there was; but the fried ham and eggs of the farmhouse came ill after the delicate fish and the French dishes and the fine joints of the grand hotel.

- "Are we to live on ham and eggs the next six weeks?" Bolivar asked, with no doubtful expression.
- "To-morrow we'll vary it somehow," said Meredith cheerfully.
- "You cannot. And suppose you could, what are you going to vary all the rest of the time with?"
- "Maggie and I will draw the country.

 And I will see if I can find you some books to read."

But that proved a vain hope. Nothing could Meredith light upon but one or two very musty old volumes of history, which Bolivar would not look at. Meredith and Maggie did have a delightful time with their drawing; but in the very midst of it an impatient sigh from Bolivar made the little girl look up.

"Does the ankle hurt you?" she asked in soft tones of sympathy.

"Confoundedly!"

Maggie dropped her pencils, fetched sponge and water and vinegar, and fell to bathing the swollen ankle. She did it with a fair little unwrinkled face, as if it cost her nothing; and she did it patiently for a long, long time. Meredith let her alone a while; then he came and took the sponge. Bolivar watched them both with an incredulous look upon his face. Maggie had gone to the window when her hand was released from the sponge.

"The duck's here again!" she proclaimed, in such innocent tones of interest that the

two boys burst out laughing. Bolivar however with a scornful impatience in his merriment.

"That is what we are reduced to!" he said. "The visits of a duck are our entertainment! And this is one day! How are we to get through a week? and two weeks? and three weeks?"

"Don't excite yourself, old fellow," said Meredith.

"Yes, you may say so. You are built of—I don't know what; something cold."

"Ice?"

"Ice will melt."

"Iron, perhaps; though that is complimentary to myself. I am endeavouring to get at your idea."

"Iron can be red hot."

"There's no advantage in getting red hot," said Meredith. "Iron is soft and malleable when it is in that state."

"That's what you aren't," said Bolivar.
"I hate a fellow who is always cold and hard."

Maggie exclaimed, but Meredith put his hand upon her mouth and stopped her. Indeed Bolivar had got beyond his own control. Impatient, hot, tired of lying still, irritated at seeing his companions moving and happy about him; more than all beside, pricked by his own conscience which shamed him, the boy worked himself into a fume and was quite regardless of propriety or politeness in his manner of expressing himself. Meredith kept very quiet, but Maggie cried. At last, quietly, Meredith took hold of her hand and led her away, out of the room and out of the house.

It was late in the day; the sunbeams were coming aslant; and the air, seldom very hot at Niagara, had a pleasant freshness. The two sauntered on along the road. There was no great beauty of country to look at; but-what need of that, when it is summer, and evening, and the clear sunbeams light up the sweeps of green meadow land, and little clouds flit daintily over the sky? Mag-

gie found it delightful; and she and Meredith walked on, talking of different things, till Maggie suddenly called his attention to a column of — what? smoke? rising before them.

"That's the spray from the Horseshoe fall."

"O Ditto! are we so near? Can't we go there?"

"Certainly. That is what I meant to do."

So a little more walking brought them to the shore of the river and the edge of the mighty cataract. They sat down on a log that lay there, and looked and listened. The sunlight streamed through the column of spray, the torrent poured green over the precipice; the water was full of tenderest tints and hues; the soft rising spray took lovely soft forms every minute; the two sat silent before it a good while. At last Maggie spoke.

"Ditto, I am afraid Bolivar will miss us."

- "I mean he shall."
- "Why?" said Maggie gently.
- "Do him good."
- "I thought," said Maggie with a sigh, "I thought, he was going to be better."
- "Perhaps he is; but he has hardly begun yet."
- "Ditto, when he gets into one of those moods, do you know, I don't think he can manage himself."
- "I am sure he can't. It is the rapids of Niagara, as Mr. Murray said. It's awful! He can no more help himself, than those waves can help their mad rushing and tumbling."
- "One couldn't get out, if one was in there," Maggie added very soberly.
- "How beautiful it is! O how beautiful!" Meredith said, gazing at the wonderful waters, and the floating, rising, swaying, soft veil of spray mist.
- "But Ditto, I am afraid Bolivar will want us."

"It seems to me," said Meredith, as they left the falls and turned towards home; "it seems to me, Maggie, that you do not feel towards Bolivar just as you did a few days ago."

"I don't know," said Maggie. "Perhaps I don't."

"What has changed you all of a sudden?"

"I don't know that I am changed, really," said Maggie.

"What has changed you seemingly, then?"

"Ditto, I think my feeling was like the rapids."

"I know."

"I seemed as if I couldn't have patience with Bolivar."

"I know."

Maggie said no more.

"But now you do. What has made the change?" Meredith repeated.

"Ditto, I don't know that I am changed. But a few days ago, Mr. Widmen told me, that if we would trust Jesus for anything, he would do it." "Well, he promised that," said Meredith thoughtfully. "'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.'"

"Yes, but then he said too, you know, 'If thou canst believe.' That's all, Ditto."

"What's all?" said Meredith, amused, though he was serious enough.

"Just that. I couldn't feel right towards Bolivar—it was growing worse and worse; so I trusted Jesus."

"To do what?"

"Why that; to make me feel different. And I have felt different ever since."

Meredith was silent now, and Maggie did not enlarge upon her new experience. But he watched her, to see how genuine it was. It was undoubtedly genuine.

Bolivar received them with a sort of querulous gladness. "I didn't know but you had left me here to die," said he.

"We didn't mean to go quite so far as that," said Meredith.

"Does the ankle ache, Bolivar?" his lit-

tle cousin inquired. And it was with an unfeigned tone and look of tender compassion.

"Ache? it aches like ten furies! I guess you'd think so! I thought you would never come back."

It was pretty to see, now, the way that Maggie went about making him feel better. She got the sponge and vinegar and water and stood tenderly and patiently bathing the ankle; tenderly, as if the rough boy had been a delicate child like herself, and with infinite loving pains-taking. Meredith would not interrupt her for a while, and watched her; and Bolivar watched her; and his face took several expressions.

"That'll do!" said he at last, gruffly but not by any means unkindly. Aren't we going ever to have any supper?"

"Ditto," said Maggie, "Bolivar wants his supper."

Meredith left the room, with a smile on his face, but a tear in his eye too; and outside

the door, instead of looking up the farmer's wife or the housemaid, he sat down in the little porch, the door of which stood invitingly open, and sunk his head in his hands. Had Maggie got a secret which he had not? Must the last be first, in this way too? Her sweet words and tones were effortless, it was clear; as free and abundant as the very sunbeams which were pouring their last radiance over his head.

Meanwhile Maggie was telling Bolivar about her walk. She went on for a time without interruption; then he suddenly broke out.

"Maggie, you are better to me than I deserve."

Maggie was greatly surprised. "Never mind," she said gently; "I wasn't thinking of that."

"No, I see you weren't, but I was. I'll tell you what — if ever I worry you again, I give you leave to call me a skimp!"

"But it would do me no good to call you

a skimp," said Maggie laughing. "I don't even know what it means."

"It would mean me, in that case."

"Never mind," said Maggie again, and she came up and kissed his forehead; "I don't believe you did really mean to worry me, Bolivar."

"I won't do it again —" said he humbly.

In due course of time, Meredith came back, and the supper came in. It was better than the dinner had been. For he had managed to get some wild berries, which were on their way to the hotel; and the farmer's wife supplied glasses of good milk, and the bread was pretty fair. And nobody had ever seen Bolivar's face so subdued.

CHAPTER, XX.

MAGGIE had a little room to herself in a corner of the house, very bare and coarsely furnished, but clean; and she went to bed that night a very happy little girl. It was quite fun to be the only lady of the party, and to have so much care and responsibility. Quite a novel experience, and very amusing. She was glad however that it was not to last long. One night more, and Mr. Murray would be back again.

She and Meredith went out after breakfast for a bit of a walk before the sun should be too hot. Coming home, they saw a boy standing in the little porch before the door.

- "He's got a telegram!" said Meredith.
- "Maybe uncle Eden can't come to-night."

Meredith said no more till he got the yellow envelope in his hands and tore it open. Then he stood still. Maggie watched his face, and grew afraid, she did not know of what.

- "Ditto what is it?" she asked softly.
- "Not from your uncle, Maggie. It's not about your people."
 - "About yours?"—
 - "You will have to know," said Meredith.
- "My father is ill. They have sent for me." His voice suddenly choked.
 - "And you are going?"
 - "I cannot till somebody comes."
 - "Don't you wish to go?"
- "Yes, but' I must not, Maggie. I cannot leave you alone here."
- "I don't mind, Ditto. Bolivar will be good. I don't mind being left. Don't you mind. Go, Ditto, go!"
- "No," said the boy, "it wouldn't be right. I cannot. Somebody says, 'Do the duty that lieth nearest thee'—and I am in charge of you, Maggie. This first."

Maggie tried to combat the decision, for

she saw it was a hard one to take and keep to; but she could not shake Meredith.

That was a hard day to wait through. Perhaps Mr. Murray might get back to them by the evening and set Meredith free to take a night train; but also he might not; and the anxious hours were hard to bear. Bolivar was a reasonable member of society to-day; they had so much help; although his ankle suffered a good deal of pain, and lotions and bandages were constantly needed. Maggie was untirable, and so was Meredith; but poor Maggie had enough of being the only lady of the party by the time the day was over.

Bolivar was worse the next day. Either his ankle was more inflamed, or it might be only his impatience; one will do as well as the other; and he was fretful, irritable, exacting, unreasonable, accordingly. Maggie's patience never gave way, and her sweetness now and then shamed or soothed the boy into better behaviour. But little hands grew tired.

"Go out and take a breath of air," said Meredith, when evening was come; "the air is good now. Do you smell the honeysuckles? Go out and take a little walk. I'll take care of this fellow's foot."

"But I can't go far alone," said Maggie.

"No, and I do not mean you to go far. Keep in sight of the house. But you can breathe the air so, can't you?"

Maggie went wearily out. It was not much fun to go alone. However, she found it better out than in. The air was fresher; the honeysuckles were breathing sweetness; the lights on the sky were clear and fair. Maggie wandered a little way down the road and stood still leaning against the fence; she hoped to see Mr. Murray coming.

Alas, the road was empty. It was a long level road; neither hills nor trees intercepted the view; only a turn at some distance hid the very roadway itself, but even there a carriage could be discerned if there were one. There was no carriage, near or

far. A cow's horns and then herself came in sight round the turn; that was all. Where could all the people be? Mr. Franklin was so ill, that another telegram had been sent to-day, demanding Meredith's presence; and Meredith was going by the next train. Mr. Murray would surely be back at Niagara now in a few hours, he said. And so this was the end of their fine pleasure trip!

Maggie stood by the fence, forgetting how sweet the air was, and thinking what she should do when Meredith was gone. For Mr. Murray was not come yet, and Maggie and Meredith had calculated that it was quite time for him to appear if he had come by that day's train. Perhaps he would come by the night train, to save time, and so be with her in the morning. Maggie was not at all afraid, but she was tired and felt a little sorrowful; very, very sorry to have Meredith go. Meredith had proposed to take Maggie along, and leave Bolivar to the care of the woman of the house. Bolivar had stoutly

and selfishly resisted this, and Maggie herself would not listen to it. She did not know what was the matter with her, only she felt very dull and heavy, as she stood there in the evening light by the fence.

Then a figure appeared round the corner of the lane, and she started; it might be her uncle! No, it was a woman, on foot, coming slowly plodding on. It was past the time for Mr. Murray; he could not have come by that day's train. She idly watched the How slowly her steps brought her along; what slow work walking is, thought Maggie; and how little things men and women are, if you only look at them from a distance. If one were up in a balloon, now, looking down upon that woman, she would be a mere moving speck. "I suppose I could see only her head, looking straight down, and that isn't large. What has she got on her head? it must be a very small hat; it's a tall hat, with no brim; -I believe it is not a hat at all - she has got a handkerchief on - it's a turban! — she's a coloured woman! — she's like —"

Maggie's thoughts resolved themselves into one dim, confused, tumultuous, unreasonable possibility; under the impulse of which, unreasoning as it was, she set off to run to meet the coming figure. She might be mistaken, but yet with every step she felt more assured she was not, till at last the run became impetuous and Maggie fairly dashed into Judy's arms.

- "O Judy! O Judy!" cried the enraptured child, "how did you get here?"
- "'Pears like I've been a right smart time comin', missie! My head's all a buzzin', like I had a hive o' bees in it, wid de worry o' dem rollin' wheels all day."
 - "But did you come by the train?"
 - "I jes' done got out o' him."
- "Then why didn't you get here before? O you walked. Why did you walk, Judy?"
- "I want to make sure I'se got my feet, chil'. I'se done tired wid doin' not'ing."

- "But how came you to come? Did uncle Eden send you?"
- "'Spect he t'ought I'd be o' some use, maybe. I'll try, anyhow."
- "O Judy, you can; the greatest. Meredith is going away to-night, and I was going to be alone. Is uncle Eden coming to-morrow?"
- "I doesn't know noffin 'bout his motions, missie. I 'spect dey's oncertain."
- "Why? Didn't he say anything about it?" said Maggie, much chagrined.
- "I hain't seen him nohow, missie. He sent me word fur to come, and he telled me how I was to go; and I's done come straight; praise de Lord! It's a wonnerful t'ing to fly roun' de world dis way."

They had reached the house by this time, and Maggie ushered her friend into the small room where Bolivar lay on the couch and Meredith was reading the paper to him. Both pairs of eyes looked up astonished.

"This is Judy, Ditto, — Mrs. Prynne, you

know; uncle Eden's Judy. She's come to take care of us. Judy, this is my friend Mr. Franklin; and that is my cousin Bolivar."

Judy dropped a deep courtesy.

"I hope I see de genelmens well?"

"Only a sprained ankle," said Meredith rising. "Did Mr. Murray send you?"

"Yes, sir."

"When is he coming?"

"I don' know, sir. I hain't seen Mr. Murray. He sent me word fur to come and take care here; and what Mr. Murray says, I do."

"Then you haven't seen him!" said Meredith, disappointed. "Nor heard anything about how they are at Leeds?"

"Mr. Murray didn't give me no message. He jes' said fur me to come and take care; and I done come as quick as I could."

Meredith was not quite satisfied, nor at all as well pleased as Maggie was with the arrangement. He read that there was something back of it, but he could get no private words with Judy, and he clearly saw that she had said all she meant to say in public. Neither had he much time to spare. He went off to finish packing and get ready for his journey. Judy meanwhile requested permission to inspect the lame ankle, and neatly replaced the bandages.

- "You're a tidy hand"—said Bolivar, who had been studying her.
- "I has hands, sir, praise de Lord! and dey's done a heap o' work. How come dis yer?"
 - "Slipped off a stone, in a bad place."
- "Dere ain't no good place fur to make a bad slip."
- "Fact; but some places are worse than others, you see; and I should have swamped in two minutes, if somebody hadn't got hold of me."
 - "Was you by dem awful waters?" Bolivar nodded.
- "Dere was a hand took hold o' you, you didn' see, young genelman. Hab you t'ank de Lord?"

"No," said the boy laughing. "Franklin caught me."

"De good Lord, he send his angel," said Judy, "or no oder hand wouldn't ha' done. What fur you not t'ank him?"

"I didn't see the angel," said Bolivar.

"Meredith Franklin isn't much like one."

"O Bolivar! O Bolivar!" said Maggie, much shocked.

"You shut up, chicken!" said Bolivar.
"I'm not saying anything."

But Maggie stood by the window now, a little sorrowfully waiting till Meredith should come down. When he came and had shaken hands with Bolivar, she went out with him into the hall and threw her arms round his neck.

"Cheer up, Maggie —" was all Meredith found to say. And Maggie said nothing. She kissed him for good bye, and let him go, and stood at the door watching him as he trudged off.

"Don't he take nuffin along wid him?" said Judy who had come behind her.

- "O his trunk is gone by the baggage wagon. Judy, when is uncle Eden coming?"
- "I hain't seed him, missie; and he didn't give me no intelligence."
- "But it's very strange! he was coming right back, and he hasn't been to Bay House. Judy, is anything the matter with him?"
 - "No, missie not as I knows on."
 - "I wonder what makes him stay?"
- "Missie 'll know in good time. S'pose she wait?"
- "But, Judy, waiting is some of the very hardest work to do."
- "Dat's why I allers t'ink, best make it as easy as I kin," said Judy.
 - "How can you make it easy?"
- "Jes' give up, chile let de Lord hab his own way. Dat's safe. Dat is so!"
- "Let him have his way?" repeated Maggie slowly. "Do I want to have my own way?"
- "If you's satisfied, missie, reckon dere aint no mo' trouble."

Was that the truth? Maggie pondered, and prayed. Finally flung her arms round Judy and kissed her.

"Dear Judy, I'm so glad you are come!" she said.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE rejoicing was quite justified. Judy made Maggie first take her to her own little room, where she bestowed the trunk in a better place, made up the bed anew, hung up something at the window for a curtain, and dusted and brushed up generally. Then she came down and did the same service for the sitting room; set the table; and having left all in readiness there, went off to the kitchen, where she got leave to busy herself over the kitchen fire for a few minutes; and in those minutes had cooked up a nice little dish of eggs and made toast and prepared tea. So she came in to the room where Bolivar and Maggie were waiting, like the most comfortable of domestic angels; the fragrance of the fresh drawn tea and the new-made toast filling the room. Bolivar

raised himself on his elbow with an odd look of satisfaction.

- "This is toast!" said he. "Why where did you get it?"
 - "I made it, sir."
- "Did you! It's famously good. Did you cook these eggs, too? I declare! Last night we had buttered shingles, and something that reminded me how the travellers in the Arctic regions eat strips of leather when they can get it. Is your name Candace?"
 - "No, sir."
- "It ought to be. You are certainly queen of something. Look here — what's the matter down at Leeds?"
- "The young genelman knows, Mr. Franklin's father has been sick."
 - "What's the matter with him?"
 - "Didn't his son say?"
- "His son didn't say anything more than he could help."
 - "Maybe he hadn't not'ing fur to say."
 - "Well, look here haven't you?"

"What do de genelman want?" asked Judy formally, helping Maggie anew to toast and eggs, which were disappearing with frightful rapidity.

- "I want to know how much you know."
- "I doesn't know much, sir."
- "I don't believe it. You look as if you knew a heap. What's the matter with Franklin's father?"

Judy hesitated.

- "I t'ink he was sick of some sort of a fever, when Mr. Murray done wrote."
 - "Mr. Murray didn't say what, I suppose?"
- "Yes sir, he did; but I isn't good at 'memberin' all de doctor's hard names. I certainly isn't."
- "Well, never mind; is he better? That's what I want to know."

Judy hesitated slightly again. "I don't t'ink he were, sir. Master Franklin, he will write, mos' likely, when he get ready."

"Yes, I don't want to wait for that. Look here. Is Meredith's father alive?" Maggie started at the question and then looked wonderingly to Judy. But Judy did not start.

"I 'ain't heerd, sir, since last night, when I got Mr. Murray's letter orderin' me to come."

Bolivar was silent thereupon, but Maggie was less satisfied than he with the turn of the answer.

"Do you think—are you afraid, Judy, that he won't live?" she asked, her eyes growing awed and sorrowful. But Judy's face was impenetrable.

"Bes' leave it to de Lord," she said quietly.
"I allers t'inks o' dat. De Lord Jesus, he hab de keys o' hell and death; he take care o' his chillen, missie."

Maggie went on with her supper, and so did Bolivar, but after a few minutes' silence he broke out again.

"Suppose old Franklin did die — he might, you know — who would get all that property?"

Judy did not reply; it was Maggie this time.

"It all will come to Meredith, Bolivar. I' know, for I have heard Mrs. Franklin talk about it. Meredith will have it every bit."

"It's a very great property, ain't it? Too much for him to manage, at his age. What will he do with it?"

"O maybe he won't have it till he gets older," said Maggie. "But he knows what to do with it. He isn't too young."

"I know what I'd do, if it was I," Bolivar went on. "Wouldn't I have horses, though! And wouldn't I cut civilization, and go west, and shoot buffaloes!"

"And give up your education?" said Maggie.

"There's no education like that. Buffaloes train a man as nothing else will!"

"To what?" - a little scornfully.

"Why! — to be a man."

"That would only train a man's strength," said Maggie.

"And his eyes—and his nerve—and his pluck. A man must know what to do, and do it pretty quick too, when he is on a wild horse in the midst of a troop of wild cattle."

"But he don't go on a wild horse."

"The horse gets wild, little one, with the excitement. And so do you."

"I don't think excitement is the best sort of education," said Maggie sagely. At which Bolivar laughed and laughed.

"Why that's the training you are getting," he said. "It is first the excitement of Trenton Falls, and then the excitement of Niagara Falls. Now a herd of buffaloes is a great deal healthier."

Maggie was so much puzzled at this statement that she was at a loss how to answer; and Bolivar went off to another subject again.

"If I had that fellow's money!" he exclaimed. "What can he do with it!"

"He'll use it better than anybody," said Maggie.

- "No good to him, with his round shoulders.

 If a man had it, now "
- "He will be a man soon—" said Maggie, her cheeks reddening.
- "Not any more than he is now. He'll never be an inch taller. If you keep your eyes on his feet he wears a nice boot; but he's a man spoiled, that's what he is."

Maggie choked, and then burst into tears and hid her face in Judy's lap. Judy looked very grave.

- "No harm in calling things as they are," said Bolivar. "I say Candace —"
 - "That ain't my name, sir, if you please."
- "No odds," said Bolivar. "Candace was a queen."
- "As you say, sir, dere's no harm in callin' t'ings as dey be."
- "I didn't say that," replied Bolivar laughing. "But isn't it true?"
- "I isn't no queen, sir," said Judy very gravely.
 - "Don't be a fool, Maggie," said Bolivar.

"I haven't said anything. If you were lying here on this confounded couch all day, with your bones punishing you, you would do any thing for a change. I say, Madge, stop that!"

When he called her Madge, Maggie always knew Bolivar was at his best. She dried her tears, and in a few minutes was tenderly bathing the lame ankle again. Judy had gone out for a few minutes, and coming back found this the state of things. She would have taken the labour upon herself immediately; but Maggie would not suffer it, and with every sign of loving care went on making passes over Bolivar's ankle with her wet sponge. Judy looked on and thought her own thoughts.

- "I like to do it" Maggie had said.
- "What makes you like to do it?" Bolivar asked. "I wouldn't like it, I know. I wouldn't like to do it even for myself; and I'd see anybody else in Joppa first!"
- "I suppose it's because I'm a girl," said Maggie sagely.

- "If I was as rich as Franklin, I'd pay you."
 - "Why I don't want pay," said Maggie.
- "Franklin didn't know, did he?" Bolivar went on, addressing himself to Judy.
 - "Know what?" said Maggie looking up.
 - "How things were at home."
- "Why of course; that was what he went home for."
- "But I say," repeated Bolivar, "did he know?"

At something peculiar in his tone, Maggie checked her own words and also looked to Judy. Judy waited but could not help answering.

- "I t'ink not, sir."
- "Not?" cried Maggie. "Why he knew his father was sick, Judy; the telegrams told him."

Neither of her companions spoke.

"What didn't he know?"

Still no one spoke, and then Maggie knew that something was the matter. She left her sponging and came up to Judy. "What is it, Judy?"

- "My stupid tongue!" Bolivar exclaimed.
- "Judy—please tell me!" said Maggie trembling.
 - "His father's gone, my dear."
 - "Meredith's? His father?"
- "But I don't t'ink dem little papers done told him," said Judy.
- "O Ditto! O Flora!" said the child. And then she ran away. Judy took up the sponge and went on with the use of it in silence.

Maggie did not come into Bolivar's presence that evening again. She grieved in a quiet way very deeply for her friends. Judy let her alone till she had slept the night out; and Maggie said nothing more till the next morning when Judy was dressing her. One deep sigh after another broke from the child's breast; and at last she spoke.

"Judy, did uncle Eden write you about it?"

[&]quot;Yes, missie."

"What for?"

Judy was completely taken aback by this question. She made no kind of reply.

"Do you think uncle Eden will be here to-day?"

"I reckon not, missie. Seein's he sent me, I reckon as how he 'spect to stay a right smart time hisself away."

"Why?" said Maggie facing round upon her, and so getting the fastenings of her dress quite out of Judy's hands.

"Reckon he done find sum'fin to keep him, missie. 'Spect Mr. Murray 'll write."

"You said he wasn't sick?"

"No, missie — Mr. Murray don't say no word o' dat sort."

"Who is sick?"

Mrs. Prynne was unaccustomed to evasion. She sat down upon the nearest chair and eyed Maggie, who on her part eyed her with sadly keen eyes. But Judy only looked and did not answer.

"Who is sick?" Maggie repeated. "Judy, tell me. O Judy, Judy! who is sick?"

She had come into her friend's arms, and was looking into her face for the word that Judy would not speak.

" Miss Maggie"—she began.

"Tell me, tell me, Judy! I know somebody is sick. Oh who is it? Mamma?"

" No, chile."

" Who?"

"Mr. Candlish" -

Judy could get no further at that time. Maggie half screamed, and then fell into such an agony that it was a good while before Judy could give more details. She was obliged at last to give them. There had an evil fever broken out in Leeds, just developed since the travelling party had left that place. Mr. Franklin, who was already ill when they went away, though nobody dreamed of danger, had died. Mr. Candlish had taken to his bed, and several others were down. Maggie got it all out of Judy; and then, her passion of sorrow spent, sat still and pale and silent.

- "Judy," she said tremblingly after a while, "can't we go home?"
 - "Don' missie see -- "
- "O but, I want to go home! Dear Judy, won't you take me home? Or you can stay to take care of Bolivar; I wouldn't be at all afraid to go home alone."
- "Dat ar' is jes' what won't do nohow. See, honey, dey is so mighty glad to have you safe here."
- "Why did they let Flora and Esther go home, then?"
- "Fus', nobody know'd nuffin'; and den, dey is got home jes' too quick. De word to keep 'em back come jes' arter dey was started."
- "I wonder why they didn't send Esther and Flora right back here, then," said Maggie.

Why that had not been done, Judy could not explain.

"Judy," said Maggie after a few minutes' pause, "I feel as if I could *not* bear it, to stay here."

- "Reckon mus' bear it, missie."
- "Why? I don't think I can."
- "Not ef it's de will o' de Lord?"
- "Is it?" said Maggie.
- "Dat's clar to me. And de will o' de Lord ain't bad for nobody, dat's his chillen."

There was a long silence, during which little Maggie's face was hidden. Then, Judy leaving the room to go down to Bolivar, Maggie went too, and took up her occupation of ministering. She was as assiduous as ever, but the boy noticed that her little hands were not steady sometimes; and when she read to him, her voice now and then trembled. Bolivar was sorry for her, and really grew gentle and thoughtful in his manner, so far as Maggie was concerned.

Now came a time Maggie never liked to look back upon afterwards; a time of anxious waiting, in which it seemed to her that she could not draw one good free breath. She waited upon Bolivar, nevertheless; she bathed his ankle, read to him, and was the most careful and tender of nurses. Bolivar felt it, and returned it with more of humanity about himthan anybody had ever seen before or believed possible. Judy meanwhile was the general bond of the little party and kept all going right. She prepared nice meals, so that Bolivar's dainty propensities gave nobody any trouble, as in the event of their being disappointed they were sure to do. Now, he declared, they lived better than people did at the hotel table. Judy foraged, as well as did the cooking. Fish she managed to get, and eggs, and chickens; the farmer's garden furnished some supplies, and milk also could be had in plenty. Judy took care of the washing, so that Bolivar's shirts were in beautiful order, and Maggie was ruffled and fluted in all her beloved nicety. But Maggie knew that at Bay House Judy did no washing, and was rather an upper housekeeper.

"Judy, I don't like to have you doing this," she said one day when she found Mrs. Prynne at a wash-tub with sleeves rolled up above her elbows and hard at work.

- "Why not, missie?"
- "It isn't your work."
- "Beg missie's pardon. I allays t'ink dat's my work, what my Lord gib me to do; and he's gib me dis yer, sure. Dat woman what done missie's t'ings afore I come wasn't no count."

All this time, every day, came word from home; for many days unresting and unsatisfying. The fever in Mr. Candlish's case had taken a tedious course; he had been lately overworked, whether that had anything to do with it or no; and he lingered on from week to week, in a condition that was hardly critical and yet might at any minute become so. Maggie got accustomed to waiting, as one does get accustomed to almost everything; but I think, to her childish inexperience and hopefulness, the delay gradually seemed to carry a thought of dissipated danger. Judy knew better, and gave no encour-

agement to this hopefulness, though she did nothing to check it. Mr. Murray was nursing his brother night and day. Meredith was putting his affairs in order and gathering the reins of government into his young hands; for he was left without guardians and entirely master of himself and of his property. And days passed at Niagara monotonously, quietly, anxiously, till monotony grew very stale and anxiety had time to fade and flame up again. Still Leeds was not healthy, and Maggie and Bolivar were forbidden to come back. These two had grown, in all this while, almost fond of each other; I don't know but I might say, quite. Bolivar's ankle was well at last, after a tedious confinement to the sofa. And July was done, and the weeks of August had run out, and September was on its way.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. CANDLISH began to recover. Yet the joyful news was not accompanied with the order for Maggie's return. Leeds was still unhealthy, and Esther was taken sick. This last was not told to Maggie however, and the little girl was very happy again. She and Bolivar got along together now admirably.

- "Was dat de boy what killed your little dog?" Judy asked her one day. Maggie's face grew grave and she gave the answer soberly.
 - "'Pears like you's learned sumfin, honey."
- "What have I learned?" said Maggie, leaning her elbows on Judy's knees and looking up.
 - "Reckon you's done forgot all about it."
- "No, I haven't, Judy; never! I shall never forget; never!"

- "Anyhow, you's done forgived him?"
- "Yes," said Maggie thoughtfully. "Qyes; but that is another thing. I can never forget my—" She stopped. Maggie rarely spoke the Billing's name.
- "Den you's done learn sumfin, honey. Dat's what I say."
- "I don't think I've learned anything, Judy. I'm just the same."
- "You didn' jes' feel to forgive Master Bolivar a while ago. Mr. Murray, he tell me 'bout it."
- "No. O no, I didn't. Yes, Judy, that's different, but I don't think I am different."
- "If missie please, I don' understan' dat. 'Clar, I don't!"
- "Well, Judy," said Maggie considering, "I forgot; I have learned one thing, and that does make a great difference. Judy, I have learned that Jesus will do anything I trust him for."
- "Bless de Lord! dat's so. And what you done trust him for now, honey?"

"Judy, I couldn't forgive Bolivar awhile ago. I almost hated him, and I don't know but I did quite; and it was growing worse and worse. Then I learned that Jesus would do whatever I trusted him for; and I trusted him for that; and he did it."

"He did it?" echoed Judy.

"Yes. You know. I don't know how; but it was done. I found I could forgive Bolivar, and I did; and I could love him, and I did; and it was all Jesus. It wasn't me. And oh, Judy, it makes me love him! I did love him before, when I knew he would forgive me; but now this is more yet. Just think, Judy, that He cares about me, and will save me from my sins! That is what the Bible says, you know; 'he shall save his people from their sins;' and my sins were plaguing me so, Judy!"

"You is learned sumfin', missie," was Judy's quiet comment; and it was all she made.

Bolivar manifested his claim to be forgiven,

so far as repentance goes, the very next day. He brought home a beautiful Skye terrier for Maggie. It was a lost dog, he said; had been left behind, probably, by some visiter at the hotel; he had been kept by the proprietors for some time, in hope that his master would reclaim him; but no owner had come forward, and now the dog was sold; and Bolivar had bought him for Maggie.

If the Skye had been in the least like her lost darling, I do not know how Maggie would have received him. But there was absolutely nothing in the shaggy, yellow-haired, long-bodied creature to put her in mind of the slight, elegant black and tan, with his close short fur and slim, brisk, little legs. The Skye's legs were feathered like a bantam's, and his movements were slow comparatively; and though his eyes were large and beautiful, they were brown and not black, and looked out from such a wig of long overhanging yellow hair, that they could not recall the Billing painfully. So after the first start was over, Maggie was very much pleased.

- "What is his name?"
- "He hasn't any. Call him what you like. But I say, Madge — I'm going a fishing, so I sha'n't be home to dinner."
 - "Fishing? where?"
- "O up in the river. There are a couple of chums of mine staying over at the American; we are making a party."
 - "But where are you going to fish?"
 - "In the river I told you."
- "But the Niagara river! whereabouts, Bolivar?"
 - "Far enough off miles up."
 - "O Bolivar, not above the rapids?"
- "I should hope so! You don't think I'd fish in the rapids, I suppose?"

Maggie was however terrified. She begged and pleaded. Bolivar was not in the least rough with her; he never was now; he was civil and kind, and not impatient; but yet he laughed at her fears and refused her petitions; and went off, still early in the day, to meet his companions. Maggie took

her troubles to Judy, her troubles and her dog. Judy however did not understand the possible danger; and the dog presently occupied Maggie's sole attention. He was such a novelty! His handsome brown eyes looked forth at her from such a mass of long soft yellow hair, which almost hid them; his feet were such soft little pats of curls; his long coat made him seem so short-legged and quaint; and his tail was such a really beautiful tawny plume. Maggie was amused at him beyond all description; and to amusement presently was added dismay, as the dog, finding himself certainly disposed of to strangers and without a landmark of wontedness anywhere, finally threw back his head and howled. He looked very funny so; his mouth was black, and he opened it to howl in a very comical shape; but while Maggie was ready to laugh, she was almost ready to cry. Billing never was known to howl; it sounded inexpressibly forlorn and unhappy; what should she do?

She tried everything she could think of, all in vain. Caresses were no better than wind; and dinner seemed to be a matter of indifference. Maggie left him at last and went down to her own, where she could still hear the howling going on up stairs.

Bolivar's absence from the dinner-table brought her thoughts round to him again; and between Bolivar and the dog, it must be said that Maggie had a hard day of it. She was immeasurably rejoiced, when some time in the afternoon she was called to see a visiter, and found Mr. Widmen. He had met Bolivar in the morning, had learned from him that Maggie was still here, and so this afternoon had taken the trouble to walk out to see her.

- "O sir," said Maggie, when this had been explained, "do you think Bolivar is safe?"
 - "Why not?"
- "He has gone a fishing in the Niagara river."
 - "Fishing, eh? Whereabouts?"

"I don't know. Above the rapids somewhere. He and two other boys. The boys were staying at the American Hotel."

"Then they have gone up on that side. They are safe enough, I guess, as long as they keep on land. How do you and your cousin get along together?"

"O nicely. He has just given me a new dog to-day, and he does nothing but howl. Don't you hear him?"

- "That's not pleasant music for you."
- "No, but I can't stop him."
- "I suppose he feels uncertain whether you are going to be a friend or not. It is very natural for him to howl."
- "I have tried to shew him that I am a friend. I have given him a nice dinner, and stroked him, but it don't do."
- "Give him time. And a little application of the rod, if he don't stop howling. What are you able to give your cousin, these days?"
 - "Bolivar?"
- "Yes. You were in some difficulty about that a few weeks ago."

- "Yes. O I am not in any difficulty now," said Maggie smiling.
 - "How is that?"
- "You know what you told me, sir. And I found it was true. I have had no trouble since, in that way."
 - "What did I tell you?"
- "You told me," said Maggie, speaking with a certain sweet gravity and deliberation, "you told me that the Lord Jesus would do anything for me that I trusted him to do; and I trusted him for that. And then I had no more trouble."
- "Praise the Lord for his grace!" said the gentleman earnestly.
 - "O I do," said Maggie smiling.
- "You said you have had no more trouble in that way. In what other way?"
- "Papa has been very sick; and Meredith's father has died." And Maggie gave her friend a detailed account of the last weeks.
- "You look a little pale," said Mr. Widmen. "Don't you want to go and take a

drive with me this afternoon? you have been so long shut up. Get your friend — what is her name?"

"Judy? Her name is Mrs. Prynne."

"Get Mrs. Prynne to go along and take care of you; and I will have a carriage here in about an hour. How would you like that?"

But the colour in Maggie's cheeks had already answered. "O I should like it so much!—thank you, sir. And I did want Judy to see the Falls before we go; she has never seen them, only the day she came. Thank you, sir!"

"Well, be ready in an hour, then."

Judy was inclined to demur, but Maggie's pleadings prevailed; and in a little more than the time mentioned they were rolling away over the smooth roads. The weather was mild and delicious, so that it was pleasant to stop and look at things. They drove first to view the Horseshoe Fall. It amused Maggie that Judy could see no beauty in the spectacle.

"It's de mos' awful t'ing I ever see!" she declared.

"But Judy, isn't that green colour lovely?"
Judy's answer was an indescribable note
of wonder and awe. "I lose my head, missie, if I look' long at dat ar. 'Clar, I would!
It's all turnin' over like, now."

Mr. Widmen laughed and they drove on. They passed the Clifton House, went along the road to the Suspension bridge, crossed that, and through the village to the hotels. Mr. Widmen proposed to go to Goat Island, and Maggie was well pleased. Judy too, to whom these experiences were very novel. They left the carriage and walked over the iron bridge; Maggie rejoicing in the change after her monotonous life of weeks, and Judy silently taking in everything with a profoundness of admiration which delighted her companions. They went over to view the Horseshoe from that side; they went upon Luna island and stood at the edge of the American fall; and at last when the afternoon was waning strolled back over the iron bridge towards where they had left their carriage. They stopped to look at the rapids.

"Hm! Dat is terrible water!" was Judy's low-voiced comment.

"What is it your uncle says, Maggie?" said Mr. Widmen, who wanted to draw Judy out. "That these rapids are like self-will, when it gets full course and possession of a man?"

"Hm! Dat is so!" remarked Judy.

"But if a man gets in here he can't save himself, Mrs. Prynne. Do you think it is quite so with the other current, of selfwill?"

"De deb'il am stronger den de waters," said Judy gravely. "Dere ain't no han' but one as kin save him den."

"You are right," said Mr. Widmen sighing. "I wish people knew it. They do know it sometimes, after the current has got too strong for them; but the rest will not believe there are any falls ahead at all."

Just then, no one could tell from where it came, no one knew afterwards who had said it first, as if it had floated in the air, came the low words, "a man in the river!" "a man in the river!" It was echoed; it seemed to come now from every part of the shore at once. "A man in the river!" repeated one or two people who were near them on the bridge and who at once moved to the upper side of the bridge, scanning the waste of waters eagerly with their eyes.

"Where?" said Mr. Widmen. And the answer was ready.

"Above." "Above, yonder."

"How far up?"

To this the answer was not ready. But it was a sight to see, how men, yes, men and women and children, seemed as it were to start up out of the ground on a sudden and line the shores. Presently a crowd filled the bridge, and a dark fringe of humanity bordered the river's edge, on the shore side especially, thickening every moment. All eyes strained up the river.

- "How far up is he?" cried Mr. Widmen.
- "A mile"-

"A mile! then there's time. Get ropes here, ropes! — here on the bridge; quick! fetch long ropes"—

Nobody apparently had thought of making any preparations until this instant, gazing as if paralyzed in the direction whence the lost man might be expected to appear. Now several darted off to shore and in another very few minutes were back on the bridge with the required ropes. Mr. Widmen and others knotted the ends of these into loops and made the ends of some fast to the bridge railings. Then they waited, with blanching faces.

"Mrs. Prynne, take Maggie away!" Mr. Widmen had said at the beginning. And Judy would have obeyed orders, but Maggie was like one turned to stone herself and paid no attention to any words whatever. She stood by the bridge railing, Judy close beside her trying to protect her from the pressure of the crowd; while Mr. Widmen was trying

to clear that side of the bridge for possible operations. In vain; everybody must see what became of the man in the river, at all hazards, whether they prevented his being seen saved or not. Mr. Widmen shouted his directions to the men who held the ropes, and stood himself prepared with a loop in his hand. Then there was an awful stillness. Little Maggie turned sick with fear and horror, and throwing her arms round Judy hid her face in Judy's dress. But even Judy forgot her in that moment, and Mr. Widmen remembered neither the one nor the other. One moment all was still.

Then a breath, a movement, one might almost call it a shiver, passing electrically along the line of humanity on the shores and on the bridge, made it known that the doomed man was in sight, at least to those furthest up the stream. It would be but a few seconds now, and those on the bridge could see him; yes, and he would be there. The strain of watching was intense and

breathless, till presently a speck could be discerned far up the river, alternately appearing and disappearing on the billowy surface. "It's a boat!" was whispered by the multitude; and then echoed by another whisper-"but there's a man in it." Swiftly now that speck floated down, towards the bridge - and so towards the fall, which was but a little distance beyond. It was a boat, and now a person sitting in it could be clearly discerned. So far he had escaped capsizing, which was every moment now imminent. As one of the watchers on the bridge saw the line in which the boat was nearing them, he edged along by the guards, without ever taking his eyes from that one object, till he was as nearly as possible just opposite to its line of advance; then, like a flash of lightning, nobody could see how it was done, it was done so quick, he had slipped the noose of his rope over his head and under his arms, given the other end to some men to hold, and flung himself over the iron railings of

the bridge, where he hung just over the water. There was one instant's chance, one terrible half second between life and death, - when the lost man swept under the bridge. As he came he hit the pier, it gave an instant's check to his wild progress; and in that instant a shout rang all along over the waters - " Take my hand!" - and as the boat swung round, Mr. Widmen reaching down his hand had laid hold of that of the man which was extended to him. The boat turned keel up and sped away under the bridge, leaving the poor wretch hanging. There was one moment of struggle between life and death; a moment's terrible effort to stop the man's progress, a tussle between the power of the current and the impetus of the floating body on one hand, and the determinate force of two human wills on the other. For the man in the water, as soon as he felt himself seized, had grasped with both hands the wrist and arm of his helper, so that they two were indissolubly fast to each other. The

current sucked them under the bridge; there were a few seconds of awful strain: but the rope held, and the grasp held; and presently it was felt that those at the other end of the rope, on the bridge, were getting the better of the river, rage as it did to tear its victim away. Little by little they hauled in the rope, drew up the two creatures hanging to it; Mr. Widmen helping himself by the iron guards; and then it was over. Both lay on the floor of the bridge, for both had sunk down there as soon as the need for exertion was over; one quite unconscious, the other white and prostrate. Strong man as he was, Mr. Widmen was very near going into a dead faint. But then from all the throats of the hundreds present, except the women, who were crying, rose a cheer - cheer upon cheer; glad cheers, rejoicing and congratulating and applauding, all in one. But Mr. Widmen lay white and exhausted on the floor of the bridge, and if he heard them, could not answer.

It was then Judy turned her attention to the motionless child who was clinging to her. She tried to unwind Maggie's arms and get a sight of her face.

"It's all over, honey; he's done saved, praise de Lord!"—and Judy burst into tears—"dere's nobody hurt, honey"—

But Maggie made no answer; and in alarm Judy detached herself and raised the child's head. She saw that Maggie did not hear; if she had not fainted she was very near fainting. Judy sat down on the bridge floor and took Maggie in her arms and begged some one would bring her some water. Help was near, for people had run to fetch restoratives to the rescued man and for his deliverer, who both lay near each other motionless and helpless. Water and whiskey and I cannot tell what other things were soon on the spot. Judy applied water to Maggie's temples and lips.

"Faint, eh?" said a bystander. "Give her a sup o' something stronger. The other two are getting along, I guess. Nothing to faint for now."

But there had been something to faint for. Mr. Widmen was partially recovered and sitting upright, before Judy could move her little charge. Maggie was white and stunned and sick; not unconscious now, yet lying still and stunned in Judy's arms. Mrs. Prynne looked distressfully to Mr. Widmen for counsel and help; but the first thing Mr. Widmen attended to when he could rise, was his capture. And by his side he staid some little time, directing and assisting in what was doing for him; then indeed he came over to Judy and Maggie. And now he moved and spoke hastily.

"The sooner she is off the better—best not to wait for anything. I can't lift her—will you do it, friend?" he added, speaking to a respectable looking man who stood by. "There's a carriage waiting at the end of the bridge—or should be. I'll go on and see."

The man lifted Maggie in his arms and went with her, following Mr. Widmen, who made a way through the standing crowd, and followed by Judy, till they were free of the bridge. In a few minutes the carriage drew up and Mr. Widmen helped Maggie into it. He bade Judy "take her home and give her something hot;" then turned away instantly, gave the driver his orders, and went back to the bridge. The carriage moved gently forward with its two occupants.

Judy wished that Mr. Widmen would have left the care of the rescued man to other hands; there were enough of them; and himself have come to help her do for Maggie. Judy was very uneasy. The child was not in a faint now; her eyes were open; and yet she was very white, and seemed to take no heed of anything; and in answer to Judy's tender question, whether she was sick? she suddenly turned and hid her face in Judy's lap. So she lay till they reached home; there Judy got her out of the carriage and

put her on Bolivar's couch in the little sitting room; Maggie could walk so far; and then went off to make her a cup of tea. It was late, and the landlady's kettle boiling; so Judy soon had the tea ready and a boiled egg. The evening light was beginning to fade already; there was just enough to let them do without candles. Maggie did not want to eat, she said; however she let herself be persuaded.

"What ails you, honey?" Judy asked, when the egg was finished. But the answer was a shuddering fit, and Mrs. Prynne saw she must leave such questions for the present. Indeed she was answered. Maggie presently asked a question herself.

- "Now, Judy, tell me."
- "Tell what, my lamb?"
- "Tell me what happened. Was it true?"
- "I doesn't know what missie mean."
- " Was there a man in the river?"
- "O yes, missie."
- "And tell me, Judy?"

"He was saved, missie; Mr. Widdem done pull him out. Dere warn't nobody hurt."

Maggie burst into tears and cried heartily. But she was better after that, and made Judy tell her the whole story; shuddering sometimes and crying again sometimes, but insisting on hearing the whole.

"I wonder why Bolivar don't come home?" she remarked. "I suppose he has stopped with the crowd, to see the man; but I think he ought to come home."

"I reckon he'll not be long now," said Judy with almost a start; "but missie mustn't talk no mo' to-night. S'pose missie come to bed—afore he come. Dis yer day's been long enough."

CHAPTER XXIII.

- "Is Bolivar come home?" was Maggie's first question next morning.
 - "O yes, missie he done come home."
 - "And Mr. Widmen too?"
- "Mr. Widden, he come, after missie was in bed; and he say he come agin to-day."
 - "What kept Bolivar so?"
 - "I never done ask no questions, missie."

Of course! But Maggie resolved she would ask several. She finished dressing, not quick, for she was extremely languid and weak, and went down to the parlour. Bolivar was not there, and did not appear till breakfast was on the table. He did come then, but looking so pale, so changed, so haggard, that even Maggie's unobservant and inexperienced eyes saw it and could not help seeing it. They were a pair, for Maggie's cheeks

had lost all the little colour they had in the last weeks gained, and her small brow was grave with the thoughtfulness of years. Judy served them both assiduously and tried to keep up a cheerful talk during breakfast time. However she could not stave off Maggie's questions, which came at last.

"Bolivar, what made you so late home?"

"Couldn't get home sooner." — Bolivar mumbled the words in his coffeecup almost unintelligibly.

"Don't you take some o' dem biscuits"—broke in Judy; "dey's cold. You wait, master Bolivar; dere's hot ones comin'. Cold biscuits ain't no count. Missie hab some more coffee?" For Maggie was indulged this morning. And Maggie took the coffee, but returned to the charge.

"Where were you fishing, Bolivar?"

"Up the river"—Bolivar again mumbled his words strangely.

"Did you see what happened?"

"No! I didn't."

"But Bolivar, where were you when that man went under the bridge?"

At this question the boy's face became the colour of ashes. "Stop!" he cried. "Don't ask me anything about it. Don't speak to me any more about it. Let things be, can't you?"

"Why what's the matter?" said Maggie.
"Everybody else saw it; why didn't you?
Where were you?"

"Let your cousin alone, honey," said Judy quietly. "Der is times fur to talk and spekilate, and der is times o' de rewerse; and dis yer is one o' dem times. Now is de time fur to eat peaches."

"But we used always to eat and talk together?" said Maggie, much wondering, and more occupied with wonder than with the desire for peaches.

"Der is nuffin stan' still in dis worl', chile; der is allays changes comin'. Peaches is good enough, s'pose you do nuffin but eat."

Maggie eat her peach, and it was a good one; yet her enjoyment of it was much mystified. Bolivar took no fruit, and his breakfast had come to a sudden end, and then he lay down upon his old couch and turned his face away from everybody.

- "Does your ankle hurt you, Bol?"
- " No."
- "Don't you feel well?"
- " No."

Maggie looked bewilderedly at Judy, who laid her finger on her lips and beckoned her out of the room.

- "What's the matter with him, Judy?"
- "He don' want to gib no' count o' hisself, missie. I'd jes' humour him."
 - "But what ails him?"
- "Don't reckon he's sick," replied Judy; "if it ain't in his feelin's; folks is out o' order in deir minds, sometimes. S'pect he is. I'd let him alone, missie."

Which Maggie did, and found the morning very long consequently. Judy was busy,

and the little girl was lonely. She had been very much shaken by the events of the afternoon before, and was nervously excitable and unresting; moreover, the Skye terrier had not done howling. She was very glad to see Mr. Widmen come, which he did in the course of the morning. But Mr. Widmen went in first to visit Bolivar, and would not let Maggie go with him, and he staid a long time. Maggie had a dim feeling that something was wrong. And when her friend at last came out and sat down with her in the porch, she thought he wore a very grave face. "How do you do?" he asked her.

"I am well," said Maggie wistfully.

"It's a pale little face I see. No wonder. How long are you going to stay at Niagara?"

"Uncle Eden or mamma is going to tell us in the next letter. Mamma is afraid to have me come back to Leeds yet. It isn't healthy. It won't be till frost, she says."

Mr. Widmen pondered something.

"Isn't Bolivar well, Mr. Widmen?"

"As well as could be expected, I think."

"Is anything the matter with him?"

Her friend looked at her and then altered his tone. "Did you ever know him to be nervous?"

- "Bolivar? Never! He's got no nerves."
- "He is nervous to-day."
- "What's made him nervous? Mr. Widmen, do you know where he was yesterday afternoon?"
 - "You told me he was going fishing."
- "Yes, but do you know, he would not tell me where he was when — when that happened?"
 - "Did you ask him?"
- "Yes; and he looked very queer and wouldn't answer."
 - "Then I wouldn't ask him."
- "Why where was he?" said Maggie rousing up.
- "Perhaps he had some reason for not telling you."
 - "Do you know where he was?"

Mr. Widmen, strong man though he were, had some difficulty in repressing a shudder. Maggie saw that he hesitated.

- "Do you know, Mr. Widmen?" she repeated more pointedly.
 - "What if I do?"
- "Then you can tell me;—can't you?" she added, as something in her friend's face threw a doubt upon the conclusion.
 - "I would rather not!"
- "Why? He was not doing anything wrong, was he?"
- "I did not mean to imply that he was." The words sounded simple enough, and yet the look that went with them was unaccountable to Maggie; it seemed to have a great deal of tender concern for her in it.
- "But he went up the river to fish?" she said, much bewildered.
 - " Yes."
 - "He and two of his friends."
 - "I believe so."
 - "What was there strange in that?"

- "Nothing. It was perfectly natural."
- "Then what was strange?" said Maggie knitting her brows. "Did they go somewhere else?"
 - "Not that I know of. I think not."
- "Then where were they when that happened?" Maggie could not bear to speak more distinctly about it.
 - "They were not all together."

Maggie was silent, waiting, and watching Mr. Widmen's face hard.

- "They did not all come home together."
- "What made Bolivar so late?"
- "Don't you see? He was detained."
- "By what? Did they come and leave him?"
 - "No; he came first."
 - "Why?" said Maggie, still wondering.
- "He could not help it. He came don't you see? against his will."
- "Against his will?" repeated Maggie mechanically. "But where was he when that happened?"

"Can't you guess?"

Maggie shook her head. "He wouldn't tell me; he was queer about it."

"I advise you not to ask him," said her friend gravely. "Let him rest and be quiet; and you do the same. You look as if you wanted it. You are not fit to hear things that would shock you."

"Has Bolivar anything to tell me that would shock me?"

"I am afraid so."

Still she did not understand. She looked at her friend with innocent, unsuspicious eyes, that were already surrounded with dark lines of nervous exhaustion; and he, who had come as near the truth as he dared, fearing to speak it out, and yet dreading that she might hear it from some more careless speaker, now added no more, and looked at her. And suddenly, I cannot tell how, a suspicion of the truth flashed across Maggie's mind. She grew as white as death, gasped, and instead of speaking grasped Mr. Widmen's arm and put with

her eyes the inquiry for which Maggie's tongue had no power. He saw she must know it now.

"Yes," he said, gravely taking her hand,
—"that was it."

" Was it -- ?"

"Yes. It was Bolivar."

He was not prepared for the shriek with which the child answered him. Her cry was not followed by fainting, but she fell into a fit of nervous shuddering, violent and persistent, which greatly alarmed her friend. He sent somebody for Judy, and both of them had as much as they could do to quiet her. Cold water, and wine, and camphor were all tried, and tried in vain, till Mr. Widmen began to repeat Bible words. At that Maggie burst into tears, and that relieved the strain, and Judy after a while was able to get her to bed. And tenderly did Judy watch by her, and Mr. Widmen too, for several days. But all the good of Trenton Falls and the first Niagara days was gone from Maggie. She

was not only back in the weak, nervous state which had induced Meredith to propose the journey, but she was even in a worse condition than then. She could neither sleep well nor eat well; she was pale and spiritless. She shrank from seeing Bolivar, and met him with a painful effort when she left her room the first time; he said nothing and she said nothing to awaken thoughts that both wished laid to sleep; but it was plain that there was no more thriving for Maggie till she should have another change. Yet the change was not brought about speedily.

It happened that nothing was known at Leeds of these later events. Maggie wrote little, and did not touch them when she wrote. Mr. Widmen had gone home. Bolivar never stirred the subject. Judy, who would certainly have sent the story if she had not supposed he had done so, simply waited in wondering impatience. And thus two or three weeks more went by.

It was almost the end of the month, when

one morning, as the little party were at breakfast, the door opened and Mr. Murray came in. Maggie threw over her chair in the eager spring she made to reach him; and then, once clasped in his arms, she burst into a great passion of tears, and hung about his neck like one who had wanted a shelter. Mr. Murray's glance at the others shewed him also that Bolivar was disturbed and Judy very grave. He had time for no more until he could soothe Maggie, which was not immediately done.

"Are you so glad to see me?" he asked. But he got no answer.

"It seems to me this is a thinner little face than I left, some weeks ago?"

"S'pect Mr. Murray want his breakfast," put in Judy, — "ef he's been travellin' all night. Dere's a white fish, sir." And Judy set down a hot cup of coffee beside his plate. He took it as a hint that he had better eat and not ask questions; and so he fell to his breakfast and talked about other things. He

told about all he had left at Leeds. Esther was getting well. Mr. Candlish was slowly regaining strength; not able yet for business. The place had been very unhealthy; many ill with fever; they had not dared to summon Maggie and Bolivar home.

- "And is it good now, uncle Eden?"
- " No."
- "Aren't you come to take us home?"
- "I am come to take you away from Niagara."
- "And not home?" said Maggie sorrow-fully.
- "Well yes, home. How do you do, Bolivar?"
 - "All right, sir."
- "Are you? What has been the matter with you then?"
- "Who said anything had been the matter with me?" said Bolivar fiercely, as Judy quitted the room with the breakfast tray.
 - "Well, your face."
- "I can't help my face"—the boy said muttering his words.

"Have you been ill?"

Bolivar said no, in the same tone, and turned away to the window. Maggie on the other hand threw her arms round her uncle's neck and hid her face again there. Mr. Murray was startled.

"Can't you give an account of yourself, Dexter?" he said. "Why are not you and Maggie looking as well as when I went away?"

"And Mr. Murray doesn't know dat?" said Judy, who came in to finish clearing the table. She stopped and stood still, looking at him.

- "I don't know anything."
- "Dere's nobody done told nuffin?"
- "Nothing particular. What has there been to tell?"
- "Hold your tongue!" said Bolivar suddenly turning to Judy. "You've no business to speak of me. Be quiet now."
- "I hope you will excuse this young gentleman, Mrs. Prynne, that he forgets himself

so in his manner to you; is this his usual habit of courtesy?"

"I don' lay up not'ing at all, sir. 'Spect master Bolivar don' mean no harm. He don' like me fur to speak, I reckon."

"Go on precisely as if he had not spoken, if you please."

"You shall not do it!" said Bolivar. "Or if you do, I'll quit the house. I'll attend to my own affairs." He was strangely excited, and even grew pale.

"What does all this mean?" said Mr. Murray, looking from one to the other. But while he looked, Bolivar bolted out of the room. Judy's eyes glanced at Maggie's hidden face, and she was silent a little before she answered.

"Dere's been ser'ous doin's, and missie ain't got over it. I t'ought, master Bolivar would write and tell you, sir. I did t'ink it were strange, when no word come after. And dey is no word come to let Mr. Murray know?"

- "No. Do go on."
- "He can't bear to touch it nohow, nor to let nobody touch it; de scare be on him yet. Massa Bolivar got into de river, sir."
 - "Bolivar? Into the river?"
- "He mos' lost, sir. He mos' done lose hisself, in dem terrible waters. Dey is nobody knows how he done got in; massa Bolivar, he won't tell nor he won't let nobody ax him a word; but he got in dar, and Mr. Widdon, he got him out; he war de Lord's angel, sure, dat day. And missie, she ain't hold up her head no mo', nor massa Bolivar nudder; and I see her jes' go down ebery day, and she war right peart when I come."
- "Maggie! Maggie!" said Mr. Murray responding to the child's convulsive clasp round his neck. "When did this happen?"
- "Dey is mos' t'ree weeks, sir. If I'd ha' knowed as how master Bolivar wouldn't ha' let nobody know, — I'd ha' done sumfin!"
- "But how could this happen? In the rapids? Where?"

"Dey is what dey calls de Rapids, sure. Master Bolivar, he were fishin' up beyont, and he won't tell nobody not'ing. But some ways, his boat got onfastened, and it came a swimmin' down, and he were alone in it; and we was on de Bridge; and Mr. Widdon, he had de folks wid ropes and all; and when de boat come along under, he swings hisself down and cotch master Bolivar's han'; and once cotch hol', I reckon he wouldn't nebber let go. An' master Bolivar, he ain't done nebber get over de scare."

"Naturally. Never mind now, Judy. The best thing now is to get away. You be in readiness to leave here to-morrow; can you? We will not stay here any longer than we can help."

"I'se be ready dis evenin', if Mr. Murray says so. 'Clar, dere won't not'ing stop me. I'se been all ready to go, in my head, ebery day, sir."

"Uncle Eden," said Maggie as Judy left the room, "can't we help going over the bridge?"

- "What bridge?"
- "You know; the Suspension bridge."
- "Are you afraid, my child?"
- "I don't want to go that way."
- "A few minutes will be enough to get us clear of it; and to go another way would involve a long journey and great delay. And I think, when you know where we are going you will not wish for delay."
 - "Where are we going?"
 - "Think where you would like to go."
 - " Home."
- "But next to that. I can't take you to Leeds."
 - "Bay House?"
 - "Would you like that best of all?"
- "What other place is there? We can't go to Mosswood."
 - "Suppose we could?"
 - "Mosswood? Could we go to Mosswood?"
 - "We could."
 - "And are you going to take me there?"
 - " I am."

Maggie fell into an ecstacy which could not be satisfied without a caper or two round the room; but then she came back to Mr. Murray.

"How comes it that we can go there, uncle Eden? We haven't got Mosswood back again, have we?"

- "You have got Mosswood back again."
- "Has papa money enough to live there?"
- " Yes."
- "How happens it, dear uncle Eden?"

"Your mother's father, your grandfather whom you have never seen, is lately dead; his fortune has come to your mother. And almost the first use she made of it was to buy out the people who had hired the place; and now you and Judy are going to put the house in order."

Maggie clapped her hands and danced round the room again. Then came again to a stop.

- "Is Bolivar going with us?"
- "I hope so."

"And aren't you coming?"

"To see you there; then I must go back to help your father and mother."

Maggie capered off now to tell Judy. And that evening was able to eat her supper. But Bolivar declared his intention of going home by another way. He would cross the Lake, go to Montreal, down the St. Lawrence, and so finally round to the Hudson river railway again; nor could any argument or persuasion induce him to change his plan. He shuddered slightly when he spoke of it, never named the falls or the rapids, but clearly was resolved never to catch a sight of either of them again. Mr. Murray pitied him and gave it up; and next morning they parted.

I can hardly tell you how happy Maggie was on her homeward journey; happier yet than she had been on the way to Niagara. She was not tired nor impatient of the long way; and when they reached Albany entreated her uncle not to stop there but to let her sleep at Mosswood. Mr. Murray hesi-

tated, but yielded; and so it came to pass that about sunset that same evening they entered the ferryboat which was to take them to the beloved rocks. Evening of the first of October; soft and cool; the water still, the air sweet, the hills and woods decked in golden brown and red and all sorts of colours.

"I am so glad I never shall see Leeds again," said Maggie in her glee.

"Yet it is a good thing you ever went there."

"Why, uncle Eden?"

"Do you forget Meredith?"

There followed a long silence. The boat dropped down the river past the Eagle Hill, past the high bluff of Mosswood rocks; and Maggie had not spoken again.

"Maggie"—said her uncle,—"what are you thinking about?"

"Ditto - " came in a very subdued tone.

"What of him, my pet?"

"Uncle Eden,"-there was evidently some

difficulty in speaking here—"the Pavilion—isn't near Mosswood."

- "No. You cannot have all things in one place."
 - "But, uncle Eden can't I see Ditto?"
- "He will come to see you some time, I have no doubt."

Silence and stillness, and eyes directed down the river, although the boat was nearing the landing on the beloved shore.

- "Maggie, my pet," said Mr. Murray, "you must trust that *everything* is for good and not for evil."
- "This is evil" said Maggie with a sob in her voice.
 - "It cannot be. You forget."
 - "Uncle Eden, isn't anything evil?"
- "Nothing, of the Lord's dealings with his children. Think how little you liked going to Leeds at first."
- "I didn't know what was there," said Maggie.
 - "Well, you do not know what is here,"

said Mr. Murray laughing, as he helped her out of the boat.

And Maggie's feet were on home soil again; the darkening evening sky shewed her the pointed cedar tops that she had so often seen; the sweetness of the evergreens breathed in the air; the stars were peeping out. Maggie set off to run, and was at the hall door before anybody else. The dear old hall door! Maggie was so glad to see it that she concluded everything else would be good, as her uncle said. They had great fun getting fires going and supper ready, and supper was very gleeful; and though by this time tired, Maggie was a very happy little girl. After supper she got into her uncle's arms.

"Uncle Eden, do you think it was good we went to Niagara?" she asked very gravely.

- "I have no cause to doubt it."
- "But Bolivar -"
- "I hope he has learned something."

- "I have," said Maggie quaintly. "But Bolivar—I don't know—"
 - "What have you learned, my pet?"
- "O, you know, uncle Eden. I have learned what 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil'—means."
 - "And what would you say it means?"
 - "O you know, uncle Eden."
 - "Let me see if you know."
- "It means, that Jesus will keep us from feeling wrong, if we trust him to do it. He will do whatever we trust him for," added Maggie, softly patting Mr. Murray's hand.
- "That is worth going to Niagara for," said her uncle, kissing Maggie's forehead.
- "But I don't see what Bolivar has learnt,"
 Maggie went on thoughtfully.
- "I hope he has learned a lesson against presumption."
- "Uncle Eden, you said those rapids were like self-will?"
- "When self-will has got full possession of a man. Yes. Well?"

- "Well, you said nobody could get out if he once got in?"
- "By his own strength he cannot. It was one chance in millions that came to Bolivar's rescue. But from that other destruction, Maggie, Jesus is strong to save, and his hand is always ready, and always near the sinking wreck. The hand of Jesus always can save, from the very brink; the trouble is that men do not see it and will not lay hold of it, even when they see their danger."
- "Uncle Eden," said Maggie very gravely, "won't he save anybody that doesn't lay hold of his hand?"
- "No, Maggie, no one that refuses it. That laying hold of his hand is faith."

THE END.

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